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FOR SCHOOL READING

TALES FROM

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES

By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE

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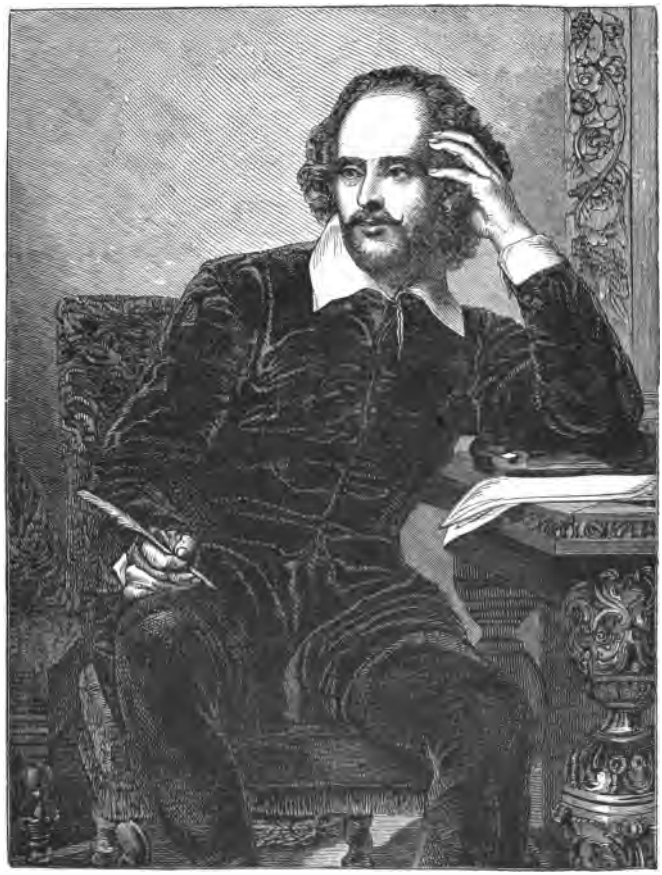

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (AFTER FAED).

English Classics for School Reading.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES.

By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

In the preface to the first edition the authors say that these *Tales* "are meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare, for which purpose his words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in; and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote; therefore, words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided."

The authors say also: "It has been wished to make these *Tales* easy reading for very young children. To the utmost of their ability the writers have constantly kept this in mind; but the subjects of most of them made this a very difficult task. It was no easy matter to give the histories of men and women in terms familiar to the apprehension of a very young mind. For young ladies, too, it has been the intention chiefly to write; because boys being generally permitted the use of their fathers' libraries at a much earlier age than girls are, they frequently have the best scenes of Shakespeare by heart, before their sisters are permitted to look into this manly book; and, therefore, instead of recommending these *Tales* to the perusal of young gentlemen who can read them so much better in the originals, their kind assistance is rather requested in explaining to their sisters such parts as are hardest for them to understand; and when they have helped them to get over the difficulties, then perhaps they will read to them (carefully selecting what is proper for a young sister's ear) some passage which has pleased them in one of these stories, in the very words of the scene from which it is taken; and it is hoped they will find that the beau-

tiful extracts, the select passages, they may choose to give their sisters in this way will be much better relished and understood from their having some notion of the general story."

Nowadays "young ladies" are allowed to read and study Shakespeare as early as their brothers, and may sometimes be able to help the latter in understanding and appreciating the text more than these "young gentlemen" can help them. I quote the passage, however, because it has suggested to me the plan of the present edition of these admirable stories. I have aimed to help both girls and boys by "explaining such parts as are hardest for them to understand;" and have added a selection of such portions of the originals as are likely to be intelligible and enjoyable to young readers, and at the same time perfectly proper for even "a young sister's ear."

I believe that the book, thus annotated and illustrated, will be useful not only as "supplementary reading for young children" (the teacher or the parent will of course see what portions of the notes are suited to their age and capacity), but also as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare for those who are old enough to begin that study in earnest. For this, as we have seen, the *Tales* were intended, but the authors builded better than they knew. The child's story-book has become "an English classic" for children of larger growth. Even as a contribution to Shakespearian criticism it has no mean value, as more than one good critic has pointed out. Mr. Ainger, in his introduction to the edition of 1878, referring to Mary Lamb's work on the Comedies, remarks: "She constantly evinces a rare shrewdness and tact in her incidental criticisms, which show her to have been, in her way, as keen an observer of human nature as her brother. Mary Lamb had not lived so much among the wits and humorists of her day without learning some truths which helped her to interpret the two chief characters of *Much Ado About Nothing*: 'As there is no one who so little likes to be made a jest of as those who are apt to take the same liberty themselves, so it was with Benedick and Beatrice; these two sharp wits never met in former times but a perfect war of raillery was kept up between them, and they always parted mutually displeased with each other.' And again: 'The hint she gave him that he was a coward, by saying she would eat all he had killed, he did not regard, knowing himself to be a brave man; but there is nothing

that great wits so much dread as the imputation of buffoonery, because the charge comes sometimes a little too near the truth; therefore Benedick perfectly hated Beatrice when she called him "the prince's jester."' How illuminating, in the best sense of the term, is such a commentary as this! The knowledge of human character that it displays is indeed in advance of a child's own power of analysis or experience of the world, but it is at once intelligible when thus presented, and in a most true sense educative. Very profound, too, is the casual remark upon the conduct of Claudio and his friends when the character of Hero is suddenly blasted—conduct which has often perplexed older readers for its heartlessness and insane credulity: 'The prince and Claudio left the church, without staying to see if Hero would recover, or at all regarding the distress into which they had thrown Leonato. *So hard-hearted had their anger made them.*' It is this casual and diffused method of enforcing the many moral lessons that lie in Shakespeare's plays that constitutes one special value of this little book in the training of the young. Writing avowedly, as Charles and Mary Lamb were writing, for readers still in the schoolroom, ordinary compilers would have been tempted to make these little stories sermons in disguise, or to have appended to them in set form the lessons they were calculated to teach. Happily, both as moralist and artist, Charles Lamb knew better how hearts and spirits are touched to 'fine issues.'"

This preface is already longer than I intended to make it, but I cannot refrain from adding to it the closing paragraph of the original preface:

"What these tales shall have been to the *young* readers, that and much more it is the writers' wish that the true Plays of Shakespeare may prove to them in older years—enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples teaching these virtues his pages are full."

W. J. R.

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 16, 1890.

STRATFORD CHURCH.

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ARIEL AS A SEA-NYMPH.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES.

THE TEMPEST.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero,[1] and his daughter Miranda,[2] a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock. It

[1] Pros'-pe-ro. [2] Mĭ-ran'-da.

was divided into several small apartments, one of which Prospero called his study: there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected[1] by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax,[2] who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero by virtue of his art released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel[3] was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban,[4] for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel, who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's, would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then, swiftly chang-

[1] Liked, enjoyed.

[2] Syc′-o-rax (*y* as *i* in *sick*).

[3] A′-rĭ-el.

[4] Căl′-ĭ-ban.

ing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's 40 sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, 45 Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, 50 which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress! See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I 55 would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it 60 that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time 65 before you came to this cell? I think you can not, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child." 70

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection

of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan,[1] and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio,[2] to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother — for so indeed he proved. I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate[3] my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship; and when we were some leagues out at sea he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle,[4] sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one

[1] Mĭl′-an.
[2] An-tō′-nĭ-o.
[3] Give, devote.
[4] Rigging.

Gonzalo,[1] who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom." 105

"O my father!" said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food 110 lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea- 115 storm."

"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter 120 with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not 125 choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave[2] spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of 130 the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand,[3] was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up

[1] Gŏn-za'-lo (*a* as in *ah*). [2] Fine, beautiful. See *Notes*.
[3] Fer'-dĭ-nand.

by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes[1] drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither. My daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak! tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers,

[1] Believes.

and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy[1] posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you! You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father!" said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "sure-

[1] Sad, sorrowful.

ly that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father, "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely young lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had, as we say, fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment[1] till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

[1] Treatment.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate[1] for an impostor![2] You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier[3] man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince. "You have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me, if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used

[1] Defender. [2] Deceiver. [3] Better.

to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard. My father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself." 265

"O, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not! I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a 270 hinderance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined[1] Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, 275 to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his 280 daughter's disobedience, for, having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to 285 love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied: "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my 290 dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape

[1] Ordered.

but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget." 295

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish. My girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the inno- 300 cent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me." 305

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends 310 by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them 315 that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them he called his spirit Ariel, 320 who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering 325 about and famished for want of food, he had suddenly

set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious[1] monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amaze- 330 ment, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them. 335

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them. 340

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero. "If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old 345 Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, 350 as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied[2] their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered[3] himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that 355 he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the

[1] Greedy, ravenous. [2] Made stupid. [3] Made known.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA AT CHESS.

king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose[1] his brother, and Prospero forgave 360 them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom,

[1] Remove from his office or dukedom.

he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave[1] world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now. Of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but O, how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should

[1] Beautiful.

be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples; for that, 395 by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the 400 kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next 405 morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and set 410 the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth[1] form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel 415 from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled[2] in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling 420 flowers. "My quaint[3] Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell 425

[1] Strange, odd. [2] Free, without restraint. [3] Fine, pretty.

to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In the cowslip's bell I lie; 430
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough." 435

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his 440 happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials[1] of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples; at which place, 445 under the safe convoy[2] of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

[1] Wedding. [2] Guidance.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for, on a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death. But, as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though per-

haps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus,[1] who actually did come before Theseus[2] (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens) to complain that his daughter Hermia,[3] whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius,[4] a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander.[5] Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded, in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena,[6] and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it; and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give up him and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but, recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the

[1] E-jē'-us. [2] Thē'-se-ŭs. [3] Her'-mĭ-a.
[4] De-mē'-trĭ-ŭs. [5] Ly-san'-der. [6] Hel'-e-na.

boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies.*

Oberon,[1] the king, and Titania,[2] the queen, of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened at this time a sad disagreement: they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

[1] O'-be-ron. [2] Tĭ-tā'-nĭ-a.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in the wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy 75 courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn[1] his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I 80 thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. 85

"Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy-councillor.

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Good- 90 fellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk; sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and, while he was dancing his fantastic 95 shape in the vessel, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing-copper,[2] the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met 100 to drink some comfortable[3] ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab,[4] and when some old goody was going to drink he

[1] Sworn to avoid.
[2] Kettle for brewing, or making beer.
[3] Comforting.
[4] Crab-apple.

would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman; and then the gossips[1] would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted[2] a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower[3] which maids call 'Love in Idleness.' The juice of that little purple flower, laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion, or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and, while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the woods. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him and, after many unkind words on his part and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

[1] Old women. [2] Spent. [3] The pansy.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower Oberon said to his favorite: "Take a part of the flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be his despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enamelled[1] skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers[2] in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me; but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song:

[1] Glistening like enamel.

[2] Canker-worms.

"You spotted snakes with double[1] tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts[2] and blind-worms,[3] do no wrong, 170
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel,[4] with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm, 175
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night with lullaby."

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby they left her, to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then 180 softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out 185 of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood Hermia 190 was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady that had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and, lying down himself on the ground at some little dis- 195 tance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athe-

[1] Forked. [2] Lizards. [3] Earth-worms.
[4] Phil'-o-mel; the nightingale.

nian fashion and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke: so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and, strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground. Is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admi-

ration; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake, and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend, in this disdainful manner, to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness."[1] Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime, Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned, by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now, having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and, the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment, Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky

[1] Gentlemanliness

mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest. The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind Hermia," said Helena, "it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend! Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler[1] wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia: "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me." "Ay, do," returned Helena, "persevere; counterfeit serious

[1] Piece of embroidery.

looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold[1] the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry 300 words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers. 305

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?" "Believe me, king of shadows,"[2] answered Puck, "it was a mistake: did not you tell me I should 310 know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling[3] makes excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to over- 315 hang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue 320 they hear. See you do this till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena and return to his old passion for Hermia; and 325 then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed

[1] Keep. [2] Spirits. [3] Quarrelling.

PUCK MISLEADING THE LOVERS.

a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck; and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown 330 near her who had lost his way in the wood and was likewise asleep, "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love;" and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed 335 the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him; and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower 340 beginning to take effect. "Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn." 345

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamoured[1] queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate.[2] I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies; their names were 350 Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman; hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she 355 to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass, and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Pease-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown; not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very 360 proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb. 365

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red humble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be 370

[1] Loving. [2] Rank.

sorry to have you overflowed with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed; "what is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks[1] I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O, how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass. When he had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which by his merry contrivance he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage,[2] saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

[1] It seems to me.

[2] Doting affection, foolish love.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders. 405

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their 410 fair ladies at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived, with the utmost diligence, to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm 415 from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote[1] the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke and, finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him, and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently open- 420 ing his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason, which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both 425 been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, 430 to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind

[1] Remedy.

words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised at the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless Midsummer-Night's Dream.

MESSINA FROM THE SEA.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THERE lived in the palace at Messina[1] two ladies, whose names were Hero and Beatrice.[2] Hero was the daughter, and Beatrice the niece, of Leonato,[3] the governor of Messina.

Beatrice was of a lively temper, and loved to divert her cousin Hero, who was of a more serious disposition, with her sprightly sallies. Whatever was going forward was sure to make matter of mirth for the light-hearted Beatrice.

At the time the history of these ladies commences, some young men of high rank in the army, as they were passing through Messina on their return from a war that was just ended, in which they had distinguished themselves by their great bravery, came to visit Leonato. Among these were Don Pedro, the Prince of

[1] Mes-si′-na (*i* as in *machine*).
[2] Bē′-a-trĭce.
[3] Le-o-na′-to (*a* as in *ah*).

Arragon,[1] and his friend Claudio, who was a lord of Florence; and with them came the wild and witty Benedick,[2] and he was a lord of Padua.[3]

These strangers had been at Messina before, and the hospitable governor introduced them to his daughter and his niece as their old friends and acquaintance.

Benedick, the moment he entered the room, began a lively conversation with Leonato and the prince. Beatrice, who liked not to be left out of any discourse, interrupted Benedick with saying, "I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you." Benedick was just such another rattle-brain as Beatrice, yet he was not pleased at this free salutation:[4] he thought it did not become a well-bred lady to be so flippant with her tongue; and he remembered, when he was last at Messina, that Beatrice used to select him to make her merry jests upon. And as there is no one who so little likes to be made a jest of as those who are apt to take the same liberty themselves, so it was with Benedick and Beatrice; these two sharp wits never met in former times but a perfect war of raillery was kept up between them, and they always parted mutually displeased with each other. Therefore, when Beatrice stopped him in the middle of his discourse with telling him nobody marked what he was saying, Benedick, affecting[5] not to have observed before that she was present, said, "What, my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?" And now war broke out afresh between them, and a long jangling argument ensued, during which Beatrice, although she knew he had so well approved[6] his valor in the late war, said she would eat all he had

[1] Ar'-rā-gon. [2] Bĕn'-e-dick. [3] Păd'-u-a.
[4] Greeting. [5] Pretending. [6] Proved, shown.

killed there; and, observing the prince take delight in Benedick's conversation, she called him "the prince's jester." This sarcasm[1] sunk deeper into the mind of Benedick than all Beatrice had said before. The hint 50 she gave him that he was a coward, by saying she would eat all he had killed, he did not regard, knowing himself to be a brave man; but there is nothing that great wits so much dread as the imputation[2] of buffoonery,[3] because the charge comes sometimes a little too 55 near the truth: therefore Benedick perfectly hated Beatrice when she called him "the prince's jester."

The modest lady Hero was silent before the noble guests; and while Claudio was attentively observing the improvement which time had made in her beauty, 60 and was contemplating the exquisite graces of her fine figure (for she was an admirable young lady), the prince was highly amused with listening to the humorous dialogue between Benedick and Beatrice; and he said, in a whisper, to Leonato, "This is a pleasant-spirited 65 young lady. She were[4] an excellent wife for Benedick." Leonato replied to this suggestion, "O my lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!" But, though Leonato thought they would make a discordant[5] pair, the prince did not 70 give up the idea of matching these two keen wits together.

When the prince returned with Claudio from the palace, he found that the marriage he had devised between Benedick and Beatrice was not the only one 75 projected in that good company, for Claudio spoke in such terms of Hero as made the prince guess at what

[1] Bitter or cutting remark. [2] Charge, accusation.
[3] Being a *buffoon*, or clown. [4] Would be. [5] Quarrelsome.

was passing in his heart; and he liked it well, and he said to Claudio, "Do you affect[1] Hero?" To this question Claudio replied, "O my lord, when I was last at Messina, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, that liked, but had no leisure for loving; but now, in this happy time of peace, thoughts of war have left their places vacant in my mind, and in their room come thronging soft and delicate thoughts, all prompting me how fair young Hero is, reminding me that I liked her before I went to the wars." Claudio's confession of his love for Hero so wrought upon the prince that he lost no time in soliciting the consent of Leonato to accept of Claudio for a son-in-law. Leonato agreed to this proposal, and the prince found no great difficulty in persuading the gentle Hero herself to listen to the suit of the noble Claudio, who was a lord of rare endowments[2] and highly accomplished;[3] and Claudio, assisted by his kind prince, soon prevailed upon Leonato to fix an early day for the celebration of his marriage with Hero.

Claudio was to wait but a few days before he was to be married to his fair lady; yet he complained of the interval being tedious, as, indeed, most young men are impatient when they are waiting for the accomplishment[4] of any event they have set their hearts upon. The prince, therefore, to make the time seem short to him, proposed, as a kind of merry pastime, that they should invent some artful scheme to make Benedick and Beatrice fall in love with each other. Claudio en-

[1] Love.

[2] Gifts, talents.

[3] Cultivated; referring to training or education, as *endowments* does to natural gifts or qualities.

[4] Fulfilling, completion.

tered with great satisfaction into this whim of the prince, and Leonato promised them his assistance, and even Hero said she would do any modest office[1] to help her cousin to a good husband.

The device the prince invented was, that the gentlemen should make Benedick believe that Beatrice was in love with him, and that Hero should make Beatrice believe that Benedick was in love with her.

The prince, Leonato, and Claudio began their operations first, and, watching an opportunity when Benedick was quietly seated reading in an arbor, the prince and his assistants took their station among the trees behind the arbor, so near that Benedick could not choose but hear[2] all they said; and after some careless talk the prince said: "Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me the other day—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick? I did never think that lady would have loved any man." "No, nor I neither,[3] my lord," answered Leonato. "It is most wonderful that she should so dote on[4] Benedick, whom she in all outward behavior seemed ever to dislike." Claudio confirmed all this with saying that Hero had told him Beatrice was so in love with Benedick that she would certainly die of grief if he could not be brought to love her; which Leonato and Claudio seemed to agree was impossible, he having always been such a railer against all fair ladies, and in particular against Beatrice.

The prince affected[5] to hearken to all this with great compassion for Beatrice, and he said, "It were[6] good

[1] Action.
[2] Could not help (or avoid) hearing.
[3] See *Notes*.
[4] Greatly love.
[5] Pretended.
[6] Would be.

that Benedick were told of this." "To what end?" said Claudio; "he would but make sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse." "And if he should," said the prince, "it were a good deed to hang him; for Beatrice is an excellent[1] sweet lady, and exceeding wise in every thing but in loving Benedick." Then the prince motioned to his companions that they should walk on and leave Benedick to meditate upon what he had overheard.

Benedick had been listening with great eagerness to this conversation; and he said to himself when he heard Beatrice loved him, "Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?"[2] And when they were gone he began to reason in this manner with himself: "This can be no trick; they were very serious, and they have the truth from Hero and seem to pity the lady. Love me! Why, it must be requited! I did never think to marry. But, when I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married. They say the lady is virtuous and fair. She is so. And wise in everything but in loving me. Why, that is no great argument[3] of her folly. But here comes Beatrice. By this day, she is a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her." Beatrice now approached him, and said with her usual tartness, "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." Benedick, who never felt himself disposed to speak so politely to her before, replied, "Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains;" and when Beatrice after two or three more rude speeches left him, Benedick thought he observed a concealed meaning of kindness under the uncivil words she uttered, and he said aloud, "If I do not take pity on her,

[1] Very. See *Notes.* [2] See *Notes.* [3] Proof.

I am a villain. If I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture." 170

The gentleman being thus caught in the net they had spread for him, it was now Hero's turn to play her part with Beatrice; and for this purpose she sent for Ursula[1] and Margaret, two gentlewomen who attended upon her, and she said to Margaret: "Good Margaret, 175 run to the parlor; there you will find my cousin Beatrice talking with the prince and Claudio. Whisper in her ear that I and Ursula are walking in the orchard, and that our discourse is all of her. Bid her steal into that pleasant arbor where honeysuckles, ripened by the 180 sun, like ungrateful minions,[2] forbid the sun to enter." This arbor, into which Hero desired Margaret to entice Beatrice, was the very same pleasant arbor where Benedick had so lately been an attentive listener. "I will make her come, I warrant, presently,"[3] said Margaret. 185

Hero, then taking Ursula with her into the orchard, said to her: "Now, Ursula, when Beatrice comes, we will walk up and down this alley, and our talk must be only of Benedick, and when I name him let it be your part to praise him more than ever man did merit. My 190 talk to you must be how Benedick is in love with Beatrice. Now begin; for look where Beatrice, like a lapwing,[4] runs close by the ground, to hear our conference."[5] Then they began, Hero saying, as if in answer to something which Ursula had said, "No, truly, Ursula. 195 She is too disdainful; her spirits are as coy[6] as wild birds of the rock." "But are you sure," said Ursula, "that Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?" Hero re-

[1] Ur'-su-la. [2] Favorites. [3] Instantly. See *Notes*.
[4] A bird. See *Notes*. [5] Talk, conversation.
[6] Shy, not easily approached.

plied, "So says the prince, and my lord Claudio, and they entreated me to acquaint her with it; but I per- 200 suaded them, if they loved Benedick, never to let Beatrice know of it." "Certainly," replied Ursula, "it were not good she knew his love, lest she make sport of it." "Why, to say truth," said Hero, "I never yet saw a man, how wise soever, or noble, young, or rarely feat- 205 ured,[1] but she would dispraise him." "Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable," said Ursula. "No," replied Hero, "but who dare tell her so? If I should speak, she would mock me into air." "O, you wrong your cousin!" said Ursula; "she cannot be so much 210 without true judgment as to refuse so rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick." "He hath an excellent good name," said Hero; "indeed, he is the first man in Italy, always excepting my dear Claudio." And now, Hero giving her attendant a hint that it was time to change 215 the discourse, Ursula said, "And when are you to be married, madam?" Hero then told her that she was to be married to Claudio the next day, and desired she would go in with her and look at some new attire, as she wished to consult with her on what she should wear 220 on the morrow. Beatrice, who had been listening with breathless eagerness to this dialogue, when they went away, exclaimed: "What fire is in my ears? Can this be true? Farewell, contempt, and scorn and maiden pride, adieu! Benedick, love on! I will requite you, 225 taming my wild heart to your loving hand."

It must have been a pleasant sight to see these old enemies converted into new and loving friends; and to behold their first meeting after being cheated into mutual liking by the merry artifice[2] of the good-humored 230

[1] Handsome of face. [2] Trick.

BEATRICE LISTENING TO HERO AND URSULA.

prince. But a sad reverse in the fortunes of Hero must now be thought of. The morrow, which was to have been her wedding-day, brought sorrow on the heart of Hero and her good father Leonato.

The prince had a half-brother, who came from the wars 235

along with him to Messina. This brother (his name was Don John) was a melancholy, discontented man, whose spirits seemed to labor in the contriving of villainies. He hated the prince his brother, and he hated Claudio because he was the prince's friend, and determined to prevent Claudio's marriage with Hero, only for the malicious pleasure of making Claudio and the prince unhappy; for he knew the prince had set his heart upon this marriage, almost as much as Claudio himself; and, to effect this wicked purpose, he employed one Borachio,[1] a man as bad as himself, whom he encouraged with the offer of a great reward. This Borachio paid his court to Margaret, Hero's attendant; and Don John, knowing this, prevailed upon him to make Margaret promise to talk with him from her lady's chamber window that night, after Hero was asleep, and also to dress herself in Hero's clothes, the better to deceive Claudio into the belief that it was Hero; for that was the end he meant to compass[2] by this wicked plot.

Don John then went to the prince and Claudio, and told them that Hero was an imprudent lady, and that she talked with men from her chamber window at midnight. Now, this was the evening before the wedding, and he offered to take them that night where they should themselves hear Hero discoursing[3] with a man from her window; and they consented to go along with him, and Claudio said, "If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation,[4] where I intended to wed her, there I will shame her." The prince also said, "And, as I assisted you to obtain her, I will join with you to disgrace her."

[1] Bo-ra'-chi-o (*a* as in *ah*, and *ch* as in *cheese*).

[2] Reach, attain. [3] Talking. [4] Company at church.

When Don John brought them near Hero's chamber that night, they saw Borachio standing under the window and they saw Margaret looking out of Hero's window and heard her talking with Borachio; and, Margaret being dressed in the same clothes they had seen Hero wear, the prince and Claudio believed it was the lady Hero herself.

Nothing could equal the anger of Claudio, when he had made, as he thought, this discovery. All his love for the innocent Hero was at once converted into hatred, and he resolved to expose her in the church, as he had said he would, the next day; and the prince agreed to this, thinking no punishment could be too severe for the naughty[1] lady who talked with a man from her window the very night before she was going to be married to the noble Claudio.

The next day, when they were all met to celebrate the marriage, and Claudio and Hero were standing before the priest, and the priest, or friar, as he was called, was proceeding to pronounce the marriage ceremony, Claudio, in the most passionate language, proclaimed the guilt of the blameless Hero, who, amazed at the strange words he uttered, said meekly, "Is my lord well, that he does speak so wide?"[2]

Leonato, in the utmost horror, said to the prince, "My lord, why speak not you?" "What should I speak?" said the prince; "I stand dishonored, that have gone about to link my dear friend to an unworthy woman. Leonato, upon my honor, myself, my brother, and this grieved Claudio did see and hear her last night at midnight talk with a man at her chamber window."

[1] Wicked. See *Notes.*

[2] Far from the truth.

Benedick, in astonishment at what he heard, said, "This looks not like a nuptial." 300

"True, O God!" replied the heart-struck[1] Hero; and then this hapless lady sunk down in a fainting-fit, to all appearance dead. The prince and Claudio left the church, without staying to see if Hero would recover, or at all regarding the distress into which they had 305 thrown Leonato; so hard-hearted had their anger made them.

Benedick remained, and assisted Beatrice to recover Hero from her swoon, saying, "How does the lady?" "Dead, I think," replied Beatrice in great agony, for 310 she loved her cousin; and, knowing her virtuous principles, she believed nothing of what she had heard spoken against her. Not so the poor old father; he believed the story of his child's shame, and it was piteous to hear him lamenting over her, as she lay like 315 one dead before him, wishing she might never more open her eyes.

But the ancient[2] friar was a wise man and full of observation on human nature, and he had attentively marked the lady's countenance when she heard herself 320 accused, and noted a thousand blushing shames to start into her face, and then he saw an angel-like whiteness bear away those blushes, and in her eye he saw a fire that did belie the error that the prince did speak against her maiden truth, and he said to the sorrowing father, 325 "Call me a fool; trust not my reading nor my observation; trust not my age, my reverence, nor my calling, if this sweet lady lie not guiltless here under some biting[3] error."

[1] Sorrow-stricken, overcome with sorrow. [2] Aged.
[3] Bitter, painful.

When Hero recovered from the swoon into which she 330
had fallen, the friar said to her, "Lady, what man is he you are accused of?" Hero replied, "They know that do accuse me; I know of none." Then, turning to Leonato, she said, "O my father, if you can prove that any man has ever conversed with me at hours unmeet,[1] or 335
that I yesternight changed[2] words with any creature, refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!"

"There is," said the friar, "some strange misunderstanding in the prince and Claudio;" and then he counselled Leonato that he should report that Hero was 340
dead, and he said that the death-like swoon in which they had left Hero would make this easy of belief; and he also advised him that he should put on mourning, and erect a monument for her, and do all rights that appertain[3] to a burial. "What shall become[4] of this?" 345
said Leonato; "what will this do?" The friar replied, "This report of her death shall change slander into pity: that is some good, but that is not all the good I hope for. When Claudio shall hear she died upon hearing his words, the idea[5] of her life shall sweetly 350
creep into his imagination. Then shall he mourn, if ever love had interest in his heart, and wish he had not so accused her: yea, though he thought his accusation true."

Benedick now said, "Leonato, let the friar advise 355
you; and, though you know how well I love the prince and Claudio, yet, on my honor, I will not reveal this secret to them."

Leonato, thus persuaded, yielded; and he said sorrowfully, "I am so grieved that the smallest twine may 360

[1] Improper. [2] Exchanged. [3] Belong.
[4] Come, be the result. [5] Image, thought.

lead me." The kind friar then led Leonato and Hero away to comfort and console them, and Beatrice and Benedick remained alone; and this was the meeting from which their friends, who contrived the merry plot against them, expected so much diversion—those 365 friends who were now overwhelmed with affliction, and from whose minds all thoughts of merriment seemed forever banished.

Benedick was the first who spoke, and he said, "Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?" "Yea, and I 370 will weep a while longer," said Beatrice. "Surely," said Benedick, "I do believe your fair cousin is wronged." "Ah!" said Beatrice, "how much might that man deserve of me who would right her!" Benedick then said, "Is there any way to show such friendship? I 375 do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?" "It were[1] as possible," said Beatrice, "for me to say I loved nothing in the world so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.[2] I am sorry for my cous- 380 in." "By my sword," said Benedick, "you love me, and I protest I love you. Come, bid me do any thing for you." "Kill Claudio," said Beatrice. "Ha! not for the wide world," said Benedick; for he loved his friend Claudio, and he believed he had been imposed 385 upon. "Is not Claudio a villain, that has slandered, scorned, and dishonored my cousin?" said Beatrice: "O that I were a man!" "Hear me, Beatrice!" said Benedick. But Beatrice would hear nothing in Claudio's defence; and she continued to urge on Benedick 390 to revenge her cousin's wrongs; and she said: "Talk with a man out of the window! a proper[3] saying!

[1] Would be. [2] See *Notes*. [3] Used ironically. See *Notes*.

Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone. O that I were a man for Claudio's sake! or that I had any friend who would be a man for my sake! 395 But valor is melted into courtesies and compliments. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving." "Tarry, good Beatrice," said Benedick: "by this hand, I love you!" "Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it," said Be- 400 atrice. "Think you, on your soul, that Claudio has wronged Hero?" asked Benedick. "Yea," answered Beatrice; "as sure as I have a thought or a soul." "Enough," said Benedick, "I am engaged;[1] I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. 405 By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account! As you hear from me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin."

While Beatrice was thus powerfully pleading with Benedick, and working his gallant temper, by the spirit 410 of her angry words, to engage in the cause of Hero, and fight even with his dear friend Claudio, Leonato was challenging the prince and Claudio to answer with their swords the injury they had done his child, who, he affirmed, had died for grief. But they respected his 415 age and his sorrow, and they said, "Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man." And now came Benedick, and he also challenged Claudio to answer with his sword the injury he had done to Hero; and Claudio and the prince said to each other, "Beatrice has set him on to 420 do this." Claudio, nevertheless, must have accepted this challenge of Benedick, had not the justice of Heaven at the moment brought to pass a better proof of the innocence of Hero than the uncertain fortunes of a duel.

[1] Pledged, bound (to do what you ask).

While the prince and Claudio were yet talking of the 425 challenge of Benedick, a magistrate brought Borachio as a prisoner before the prince. Borachio had been overheard talking with one of his companions of the mischief he had been employed by Don John to do.

Borachio made a full confession to the prince, in 430 Claudio's hearing, that it was Margaret, dressed in her lady's clothes, that he had talked with from the window, whom they had mistaken for the lady Hero herself; and no doubt continued[1] on the minds of Claudio and the prince of the innocence of Hero. If a suspicion 435 had remained, it must have been removed by the flight of Don John, who, finding his villainies were detected, fled from Messina to avoid the just anger of his brother.

The heart of Claudio was sorely grieved when he found he had falsely accused Hero, who, he thought, 440 died upon hearing his cruel words; and the memory of his beloved Hero's image came over him in the rare semblance[2] that he loved it first; and, the prince asking him if what he heard did not run like iron through his soul, he answered that he felt as if he had taken 445 poison while Borachio was speaking.

And the repentant Claudio implored forgiveness of the old man Leonato for the injury he had done his child; and promised that, whatever penance Leonato would lay upon him for his fault in believing the false 450 accusation against his betrothed wife, for her dear sake he would endure it.

The penance Leonato enjoined him was to marry the next morning a cousin of Hero's, who, he said, was now his heir and in person very like Hero. Claudio, regard- 455 ing the solemn promise he had made to Leonato, said

[1] Remained. [2] Beautiful form, or appearance.

he would marry this unknown lady, even though she were an Ethiop;[1] but his heart was very sorrowful, and he passed that night in tears, and in remorseful grief, at the tomb which Leonato had erected for Hero. 460

When the morning came, the prince accompanied Claudio to the church, where the good friar, and Leonato and his niece, were already assembled, to celebrate a second nuptial; and Leonato presented to Claudio his promised bride; and she wore a mask, that Claudio 465 might not discover her face. And Claudio said to the lady in the mask, "Give me your hand, before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you will marry me." "And, when I lived, I was your other wife," said this unknown lady; and, taking off her mask, she proved to be no 470 niece (as was pretended), but Leonato's very daughter, the lady Hero herself. We may be sure that this proved a most agreeable surprise to Claudio, who thought her dead, so that he could scarcely for joy believe his eyes; and the prince, who was equally amazed at what he saw, 475 exclaimed, "Is not this Hero, Hero that was dead?" Leonato replied, "She died, my lord, but[2] while her slander lived." The friar promised them an explanation of this seeming miracle after the ceremony was ended, and was proceeding to marry them, when he 480 was interrupted by Benedick, who desired to be married at the same time to Beatrice. Beatrice making some demur[3] to this match, and Benedick challenging her with her love for him, which he had learned from Hero, a pleasant explanation took place; and they 485 found they had both been tricked into a belief of love which had never existed, and had become lovers in truth by the power of a false jest. But the affection

[1] Ethiopian, negro. [2] Only. [3] Objection.

which a merry invitation had cheated them into was grown too powerful to be shaken by a serious expla- 490 nation; and, since Benedick proposed to marry, he was resolved to think nothing to the purpose that the world could say against it; and he merrily kept up the jest, and swore to Beatrice that he took her but for pity, and because he heard she was dying of love for him; and 495 Beatrice protested that she yielded but upon great persuasion, and partly to save his life, for she heard he was in a consumption. So these two mad wits were reconciled, and made a match of it, after Claudio and Hero were married; and, to complete the history, Don John, 500 the contriver of the villainy, was taken in his flight, and brought back to Messina; and a brave[1] punishment it was to this gloomy, discontented man to see the joy and feastings which, by the disappointment of his plots, took place at the palace in Messina. 505

[1] Fine, fitting.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DURING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms, as they were called), there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper,[1] who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke who was thus driven from his dominions retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their lands and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and

[1] One who seizes power without right.

uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood[1] of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet[2] the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the Golden Age.[3] In the summer they lay along[4] under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison[5] for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say: "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition, and, though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that, howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous[6] and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and, by the help of this moralizing[7] turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind,[8] whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a compan-

[1] See *Notes*.
[2] Cause to fly, or pass swiftly.
[3] See *Notes*.
[4] At full length.
[5] The flesh of the deer.
[6] Poisonous.
[7] Explaining in a moral sense.
[8] Ros'-a-lĭnd (*s* as in *rose*).

ion for his own daughter Celia.[1] A strict friendship subsisted[2] between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in depos- 45 ing the father of Rosalind; and, whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment and her own dependence on the false usurper made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day when Celia was talking in her usual kind 50 manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling-match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, 55 thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favorite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. 60 To this wrestling-match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical[3] sight; for a large and powerful man, who had long been practised in the art of wrestling and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just 65 going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said: "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither 70 to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it,

[1] Ce'-li-a. [2] Existed.

[3] Like a *tragedy*, ending in loss of life.

there is such odds in the men. In pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that, instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words that they felt still more concern for him, he concluding his refusal with saying: "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein, if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious;[1] if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling-match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was, like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these

[1] Fortunate.

fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger, and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.[1]

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years, but when he was living he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humor. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and, if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and, seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and, taking a chain from off her

[1] Bois (*s* as in *this*). See *Notes*.

neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits[1] with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke my father loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys's son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and, while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but, now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and ate together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied: "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for

[1] Out of favor.

you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."[1]

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and, leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them that, as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited[2] like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister; and Rosalind said she would be called Ganimed,[3] and Celia chose the name of Aliena.[4]

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganimed, as she must now be called), with her manly garb, seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganimed, the

[1] Not to be revoked or changed.
[2] Dressed.
[3] Gan'-ĭ-mĕd.
[4] A-lĭ-ē'-na.

rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganimed, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganimed tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel;[1] and, to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for, though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke; and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves and have perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganimed once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be

[1] Person. See 1 *Peter*, iii. 7.

sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that, if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength, and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganimed remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend, and though Ganimed thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden; and in this manner this strange event came to pass:

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house.[1] Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and, disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind

[1] Family.

Orlando so much resembled his excellent father that, without any advantages of education, he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored[1] brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and, when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master! O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond[2] to[3] overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter? And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night, and, in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant

[1] Untaught. [2] Foolish. [3] As to.

flight; and, knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for 295
that was the good old man's name) had brought out
with him his own little hoard, and he said: "I have five
hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your
father and laid by to be provision for me when my old
limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and 300
He that doth the ravens[1] feed be comfort to my age!
Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your
servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a
younger man in all your business and necessities." "O
good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in 305
you the constant[2] service of the old world! You are
not for the fashion of these times. We will go along
together, and before your youthful wages are spent I
shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together, then, this faithful servant and his loved 310
master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on,
uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the
forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the
same distress for want of food that Ganimed and Aliena
had been. They wandered on, seeking some human 315
habitation, till they were almost spent[3] with hunger and
fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die
for want of food; I can go no farther!" He then laid
himself down, thinking to make that place his grave,
and bid his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him 320
in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms,
and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant
trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly,[4] old Adam, rest
your weary limbs here a while, and do not talk of dy-
ing!" 325

[1] See *Luke*, xii. 24. [2] Faithful. [3] Worn out, exhausted.
[4] Cheerfully; that is, be cheerful or hopeful.

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy[1] than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate,[2] drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear, and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners. On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he; "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance[3] of stern command; but whatever men you are that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, if ever you have looked on better days, if ever you have been where bells have knolled[4] to church, if you have ever sat at any good man's feast, if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and, though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good

[1] Covering; like *covert*.
[2] Reckless.
[3] Face, look.
[4] Rung.

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered;[1] therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," 360 answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you 365

[1] Caused, called forth.

return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food, and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome;" and they fed the old man, and cheered his heart, and he revived, and 370 recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was, and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the 375 forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganimed and Aliena came there and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganimed and Aliena were strangely surprised to find 380 the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck. 385

Orlando little thought that Ganimed was the fair princess Rosalind, who by her noble condescension and favor had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased 390 with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganimed to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganimed assumed the forward 395 manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he,

"haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes 400 upon hawthorns and elegies[1] on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of 405 whom he spoke, and asked Ganimed to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganimed proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt; "And then," said Ganimed, "I 410 will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic[2] ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I pro- 415 pose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganimed's cottage and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganimed and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganimed his Rosalind, and every 420 day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganimed made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind. 425

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganimed was his very[3] Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganimed's, who enjoyed the 430

[1] Like *odes*, a kind of poem. [2] Odd, fanciful. [3] True.

secret jest in knowing those fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganimed happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock courtship, and did not care to remind Ganimed that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learned from Orlando. Ganimed met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came; Ganimed answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage.[1] Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganimed was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganimed, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a catlike watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked; for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping. It seems as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and the lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper, who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to

[1] Family, race.

OLIVER ASLEEP IN THE FOREST.

leave him a prey to the hungry lioness. But brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew 465 his sword and attacked the lioness and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness she had torn one 470 of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness Oliver awoke, and, perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him; they embraced each other, and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a truly brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganimed, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganimed, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganimed and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life; and, when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganimed, who, hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosa-

lind, and Ganimed said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I countefeited a swoon." But Oli- 505
ver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and, much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganimed (truly), "but I should have been 510
a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother he had much news to tell him; for, besides the account of Ganimed's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver 515
told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved 520
her that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to 525
agree to this; she is now alone, for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganimed, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganimed began to talk over the 530
sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind. 535

Ganimed, who well approved of this arrangement, said

that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganimed was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learned of an uncle, who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganimed if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganimed; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture; but they mostly thought that Ganimed was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think Ganimed entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganimed then said to Orlando, "And you say you will

marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said 570 Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganimed and Aliena then went out together, and Ganimed, throwing off his male attire and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing 575 her country garb for her own rich clothes, was, with as little trouble, transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the re- 580 semblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia, in their own clothes, entered; and, no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on 585 her knees before her father and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and 590 of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified[1] the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their 595 wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed; and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to 600 complete the felicity of this good duke and the true

[1] Confirmed.

lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother and put him, with all his faithful followers, to the sword; but, by a wonderful interposition[1] of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who, in the end, completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing[2] his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related), to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely[3] to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the weddings of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but, by this restoration which

[1] Intervention (literally, coming between). [2] Giving up.
[3] Just in time.

her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy. 635

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their 640 lawful duke.

VERONA.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THERE lived in the city of Verona[1] two young gentlemen, whose names were Valentine and Proteus,[2] between whom a firm and uninterrupted friendship had long subsisted.[3] They pursued their studies together, and their hours of leisure were always passed in each other's company, except when Proteus visited a lady he was in love with; and these visits to his mistress, and this passion of Proteus for the fair Julia, were the only topics on which these two friends disagreed; for Valentine, not being himself a lover, was sometimes a little weary of hearing his friend forever talking of his Julia, and then he would laugh at Proteus, and in pleas-

[1] Vē-rō′-na. [2] Prō′-te-us. [3] Existed.

ant terms ridicule the passion of love, and declare that no such idle fancies should ever enter his head, greatly preferring (as he said) the free and happy life he led to the anxious hopes and fears of the lover Proteus.

One morning Valentine came to Proteus to tell him that they must for a time be separated, for that he was going to Milan.[1] Proteus, unwilling to part with his friend, used many arguments to prevail upon Valentine not to leave him; but Valentine said: "Cease to persuade me, my loving Proteus. I will not, like a sluggard, wear out my youth in idleness at home. Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. If your affection were not chained to the sweet glances of your honored Julia, I would entreat you to accompany me to see the wonders of the world abroad; but, since you are a lover, love on still, and may your love be prosperous!"

They parted with mutual expressions of unalterable friendship. "Sweet Valentine, adieu!" said Proteus; "think on me when you see some rare object worthy of notice in your travels, and wish me partaker of your happiness."

Valentine began his journey that same day toward Milan; and when his friend had left him Proteus sat down to write a letter to Julia, which he gave to her maid Lucetta[2] to deliver to her mistress.

Julia loved Proteus as well as he did her, but she was a lady of a noble spirit, and she thought it did not become her maiden dignity too easily to be won; therefore she affected to be insensible of his passion, and gave him much uneasiness in the prosecution[3] of his suit.

And when Lucetta offered the letter to Julia, she

[1] Mĭl′-an. [2] Lū-cĕt′-ta. [3] Carrying out.

would not receive it, and chid her maid for taking letters from Proteus and ordered her to leave the room. But she so much wished to see what was written in the letter that she soon called in her maid again, and when Lucetta returned she said, "What o'clock is it?" Lucetta, who knew her mistress more desired to see the letter than to know the time of day, without answering her question, again offered the rejected letter. Julia, angry that her maid should thus take the liberty of seeming to know what she really wanted, tore the letter in pieces and threw it on the floor, ordering her maid once more out of the room. As Lucetta was retiring, she stopped to pick up the fragments of the torn letter; but Julia, who meant not so to part with them, said, in pretended anger, "Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie; you would be fingering them to anger me."

Julia then began to piece together as well as she could the torn fragments. She first made out these words, "Love-wounded Proteus;" and lamenting over these and such-like loving words, which she made out, though they were all torn asunder, or, she said, *wounded* (the expression "Love-wounded Proteus" giving her that idea), she talked to these kind words, telling them she would lodge them in her bosom, as in a bed, till their wounds were healed, and that she would kiss each several[1] piece to make amends.

In this manner she went on, talking with a pretty ladylike childishness, till, finding herself unable to make out the whole, and vexed at her own ingratitude in destroying such sweet and loving words, as she called them, she wrote a much kinder letter to Proteus than she had ever done before.

[1] Separate.

Proteus was greatly delighted at receiving this favorable answer to his letter; and while he was reading it he exclaimed, "Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!" In the midst of his raptures he was interrupted by his father. "How now!" said the old gentleman; "what letter are you reading there?"

"My lord," replied Proteus, "it is a letter from my friend Valentine, at Milan."

"Lend me the letter," said his father; "let me see what news."

"There are no news, my lord," said Proteus, greatly alarmed, "but that he writes how well beloved he is of the Duke of Milan, who daily graces him with favors; and how he wishes me with him, the partner of his fortune."

"And how stand you affected[1] to his wish?" asked the father.

"As one relying on your lordship's will, and not depending on his friendly wish," said Proteus.

Now it had happened that Proteus's father had just been talking with a friend on this very subject: his friend had said he wondered his lordship suffered his son to spend his youth at home, while most men were sending their sons to seek preferment abroad; "some," said he, "to the wars, to try their fortunes there, and some to discover islands far away, and some to study in foreign universities; and there is his companion Valentine, he is gone to the Duke of Milan's court. Your son is fit for any of these things, and it will be a great disadvantage to him in his riper age not to have travelled in his youth."

Proteus's father thought the advice of his friend was

[1] Inclined, disposed.

very good, and upon Proteus telling him that Valentine "wished him with him, the partner of his fortune," he at once determined to send his son to Milan; and without giving Proteus any reason for this sudden resolution —it being the usual habit of this positive old gentleman to command his son, not reason with him—he said, "My will is the same as Valentine's wish;" and, seeing his son look astonished, he added, "Look not amazed that I so suddenly resolve you shall spend some time in the Duke of Milan's court; for what I will I will, and there is an end. To-morrow be in readiness to go. Make no excuses; for I am peremptory."[1]

Proteus knew it was of no use to make objections to his father, who never suffered him to dispute his will; and he blamed himself for telling his father an untruth about Julia's letter, which had brought upon him the sad necessity of leaving her.

Now that Julia found she was going to lose Proteus for so long a time, she no longer pretended indifference; and they bid each other a mournful farewell with many vows of love and constancy.[2] Proteus and Julia exchanged rings, which they both promised to keep forever in remembrance of each other; and thus, taking a sorrowful leave, Proteus set out on his journey to Milan, the abode of his friend Valentine.

Valentine was in reality what Proteus had feigned to his father, in high favor with the Duke of Milan; and another event had happened to him of which Proteus did not even dream, for Valentine had given up the freedom of which he used so much to boast, and was become as passionate a lover as Proteus.

She who had wrought this wondrous change in Val-

[1] Resolute, determined. [2] Fidelity.

entine was the lady Silvia,[1] daughter of the Duke of Milan; and she also loved him; but they concealed their love from the duke, because, although he showed much kindness for Valentine and invited him every day to his palace, yet he designed to marry his daughter to a young courtier whose name was Thurio.[2] Silvia despised this Thurio, for he had none of the fine sense and excellent qualities of Valentine.

These two rivals, Thurio and Valentine, were one day on a visit to Silvia, and Valentine was entertaining Silvia with turning everything Thurio said into ridicule, when the duke himself entered the room, and told Valentine the welcome news of his friend Proteus's arrival. Valentine said, "If I had wished a thing, it would have been to have seen him here!" and then he highly praised Proteus to the duke, saying, "My lord, though I have been a truant of my time, yet hath my friend made use and fair advantage of his days, and is complete in person and in mind, in all good grace to grace a gentleman."

"Welcome him, then, according to his worth," said the duke: "Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio; for Valentine, I need not bid him do so." They were here interrupted by the entrance of Proteus, and Valentine introduced him to Silvia, saying, "Sweet lady, entertain[3] him to be my fellow-servant to your ladyship."

When Valentine and Proteus had ended their visit and were alone together, Valentine said: "Now tell me how all does from whence you came? How does your lady, and how thrives your love?" Proteus replied: "My tales of love used to weary you. I know you joy not in a love-discourse."

[1] Sĭl′-vĭ-a. [2] Thū′-rĭ-o. [3] Receive.

"Ay, Proteus," returned Valentine, "but that life is altered now. I have done penance for contemning love. For in revenge of my contempt of love, love has chased sleep from my enthralled[1] eyes. O gentle Proteus, Love is a mighty lord, and hath so humbled me that I confess there is no woe like his correction, nor no such joy on earth as in his service! I now like no discourse except it be of love. Now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep upon the very name of love."

This acknowledgment of the change which love had made in the disposition of Valentine was a great triumph to his friend Proteus. But "friend" Proteus must be called no longer, for the same all-powerful deity Love, of whom they were speaking (yea, even while they were talking of the change he had made in Valentine), was working in the heart of Proteus; and he who had till this time been a pattern of true love and perfect friendship was now, in one short interview with Silvia, become a false friend and a faithless lover; for at the first sight of Silvia all his love for Julia vanished away like a dream, nor did his long friendship for Valentine deter him from endeavoring to supplant him in her affections; and although, as it will always be when people of dispositions naturally good become unjust, he had many scruples before he determined to forsake Julia and become the rival of Valentine, yet he at length overcame his sense of duty and yielded himself up, almost without remorse, to his new unhappy passion.

Valentine imparted to him in confidence the whole history of his love, and how carefully they had con-

[1] Enslaved, captivated.

cealed it from the duke her father, and told him that, 205 despairing of ever being able to obtain his consent, he had prevailed upon Silvia to leave her father's palace that night and go with him to Mantua; then he showed Proteus a ladder of ropes, by help of which he meant to assist Silvia to get out of one of the windows of the 210 palace after it was dark.

Upon hearing this faithful recital of his friend's dearest secrets, it is hardly possible to be believed, but so it was, that Proteus resolved to go to the duke and disclose the whole to him. 215

This false friend began his tale with many artful speeches to the duke, such as that by the laws of friendship he ought to conceal what he was going to reveal, but that the gracious favor the duke had shown him, and the duty he owed his grace, urged him to tell that 220 which else no worldly good should draw from him; he then told all he had heard from Valentine, not omitting the ladder of ropes and the manner in which Valentine meant to conceal it under a long cloak.

The duke thought Proteus quite a miracle of integ- 225 rity, in that he preferred telling his friend's intention rather than he would conceal an unjust action, highly commended him, and promised him not to let Valentine know from whom he had learned this intelligence,[1] but by some artifice[2] to make Valentine betray the 230 secret himself. For this purpose the duke awaited the coming of Valentine in the evening, whom he soon saw hurrying toward the palace, and he perceived somewhat was wrapped within his cloak, which he concluded was the rope ladder. 235

The duke upon this stopped him, saying, "Whither

[1] News. [2] Trick.

away so fast, Valentine?" "May it please your grace," said Valentine, "there is a messenger that stays to bear my letters to my friends, and I am going to deliver them." Now this falsehood of Valentine's had no better success in the event[1] than the untruth Proteus had told his father.

"Be[2] they of much import?" said the duke.

"No more, my lord," said Valentine, "than to tell my father I am well and happy at your grace's court."

"Nay, then," said the duke, "no matter; stay with me a while. I wish your counsel about some affairs that concern me nearly." He then told Valentine an artful story, as a prelude[3] to draw his secret from him, saying that Valentine knew he wished to match his daughter with Thurio, but that she was stubborn and disobedient to his commands, "neither regarding," said he, "that she is my child, nor fearing me as if I were her father; and I may say to thee, this pride of hers has drawn my love from her. I had thought my age should[4] have been cherished by her childlike duty. I now am resolved to take a wife, and turn her out to whosoever will take her in. Let her beauty be her wedding-dower, for me and my possessions she esteems not."

Valentine, wondering where all this would end, made answer, "And what would your grace have me do in all this?"

"Why," said the duke, "the lady I would wish to marry is nice and coy, and does not much esteem my aged eloquence. Besides, the fashion of courtship is much changed since I was young; now I would will-

[1] End, issue.
[2] Are.
[3] Introduction.
[4] Would

ingly have you to be my tutor to instruct me how I am to woo."

Valentine gave him a general idea of the modes of courtship then practised by young men when they wished to win a fair lady's love, such as presents, frequent visits, and the like.

The duke replied to this that the lady did refuse a present which he sent her, and that she was so strictly kept by her father that no man might have access to her by day.

"Why, then," said Valentine, "you must visit her by night."

"But at night," said the artful duke, who was now coming to the drift of his discourse, "her doors are fast locked."

Valentine then unfortunately proposed that the duke should get into the lady's chamber at night by means of a ladder of ropes, saying he would procure him one fitting for that purpose, and in conclusion advised him to conceal this ladder of ropes under such a cloak as that which he now wore. "Lend me your cloak," said the duke, who had feigned this long story on purpose to have a pretence to get off the cloak; so, upon saying these words, he caught hold of Valentine's cloak, and throwing it back he discovered not only the ladder of ropes, but also a letter of Silvia's, which he instantly opened and read; and this letter contained a full account of their intended elopement. The duke, after upbraiding Valentine for his ingratitude in thus returning the favor he had shown him, by endeavoring to steal away his daughter, banished him from the court and city of Milan forever; and Valentine was forced to depart that night, without even seeing Silvia.

While Proteus at Milan was thus injuring Valentine, Julia at Verona was regretting the absence of Proteus; and her regard for him at last so far overcame her sense of propriety that she resolved to leave Verona and seek her lover at Milan; and, to secure herself from danger on the road, she dressed her maid Lucetta and herself in men's clothes, and they set out in this disguise, and arrived at Milan soon after Valentine was banished from that city through the treachery of Proteus.

Julia entered Milan about noon, and she took up her abode at an inn; and, her thoughts being all on her dear Proteus, she entered into conversation with the innkeeper, or host, as he was called, thinking by that means to learn some news of Proteus.

The host was greatly pleased that this handsome young gentleman (as he took her to be), who from his appearance he concluded was of high rank, spoke so familiarly to him; and, being a good-natured man, he was sorry to see him look so melancholy; and, to amuse his young guest, he offered to take him to hear some fine music, with which, he said, a gentleman that evening was going to serenade his mistress.

The reason Julia looked so very melancholy was that she did not well know what Proteus would think of the imprudent step she had taken; for she knew he had loved her for her noble maiden pride and dignity of character, and she feared she should lower herself in his esteem; and this it was that made her wear a sad and thoughtful countenance.

She gladly accepted the offer of the host to go with him and hear the music, for she secretly hoped she might meet Proteus by the way.

But when she came to the palace whither the host

conducted her, a very different effect was produced from what the kind host intended; for there, to her heart's 335 sorrow, she beheld her lover, the inconstant[1] Proteus, serenading the lady Silvia with music, and addressing discourse of love and admiration to her. And Julia overheard Silvia from a window talk with Proteus, and reproach him for forsaking his own true lady, and for 340 his ingratitude to his friend Valentine; and then Silvia left the window, not choosing to listen to his music and his fine speeches; for she was a faithful lady to her banished Valentine, and abhorred the ungenerous conduct of his false friend Proteus. 345

Though Julia was in despair at what she had just witnessed, yet did she still love the truant Proteus; and hearing that he had lately parted with a servant, she contrived, with the assistance of her host, the friendly innkeeper, to hire herself to Proteus as a page; and Pro- 350 teus knew not she was Julia, and he sent her with letters and presents to her rival Silvia, and he even sent by her the very ring she gave him as a parting gift at Verona.

When she went to that lady with the ring, she was most glad to find that Silvia utterly rejected the suit of 355 Proteus; and Julia, or the page Sebastian,[2] as she was called, entered into conversation with Silvia about Proteus's first love, the forsaken lady Julia. She, putting in (as one may say) a good word for herself, said she knew Julia, as well she might, being herself the Julia 360 of whom she spoke; telling how fondly Julia loved her master Proteus, and how his unkind neglect would grieve her; and then she with a pretty equivocation went on: "Julia is about my height, and of my complexion, the color of her eyes and hair the same as 365

[1] False, faithless. [2] Sē-bas'-tian.

mine;" and indeed Julia looked a most beautiful youth in her boy's attire. Silvia was moved to pity this lovely lady, who was so sadly forsaken by the man she loved, and, when Julia offered the ring which Proteus had sent, refused it, saying: "The more shame for him that he sends me that ring! I will not take it, for I have often heard him say his Julia gave it to him. I love thee, gentle youth, for pitying her, poor lady! Here is a purse; I give it you for Julia's sake." These comfortable[1] words, coming from her kind rival's tongue, cheered the drooping heart of the disguised lady.

But to return to the banished Valentine, who scarce knew which way to bend his course, being unwilling to return home to his father a disgraced and banished man. As he was wandering over a lonely forest, not far distant from Milan, where he had left his heart's dear treasure, the lady Silvia, he was set upon by robbers, who demanded his money.

Valentine told them that he was a man crossed by adversity, that he was going into banishment, and that he had no money, the clothes he had on being all his riches.

The robbers, hearing that he was a distressed man, and being struck with his noble air and manly behavior, told him if he would live with them, and be their chief, or captain, they would put themselves under his command; but that, if he refused to accept their offer, they would kill him.

Valentine, who cared little what became of himself, said he would consent to live with them and be their captain, provided they did no outrage on women or poor passengers.[2]

[1] Comforting.

[2] Passers-by, travellers.

THE ROBBERS.

Thus the noble Valentine became, like Robin Hood, of whom we read in ballads, a captain of robbers and outlawed banditti;[1] and in this situation he was found 400
by Silvia, and in this manner it came to pass:

Silvia, to avoid a marriage with Thurio, whom her father insisted upon her no longer refusing, came at last

[1] Bandits (an Italian plural).

to the resolution of following Valentine to Mantua, at which place she had heard her lover had taken refuge; but in this account she was misinformed, for he still lived in the forest among the robbers, bearing the name of their captain but taking no part in their depredations, and using the authority which they had imposed upon him in no other way than to compel them to show compassion to the travellers they robbed.

Silvia contrived to effect her escape from her father's palace in company with a worthy old gentleman whose name was Eglamour,[1] whom she took along with her for protection on the road. She had to pass through the forest where Valentine and the banditti dwelt; and one of these robbers seized on Silvia, and would also have taken Eglamour, but he escaped.

The robber who had taken Silvia, seeing the terror she was in, bid her not be alarmed, for that he was only going to carry her to a cave where his captain lived, and that she need not be afraid, for their captain had an honorable mind and always showed humanity to women. Silvia found little comfort in hearing she was going to be carried as a prisoner before the captain of a[2] lawless banditti. "O Valentine," she cried, "this I endure for thee!"

But as the robber was conveying her to the cave of his captain, he was stopped by Proteus, who, still attended by Julia in the disguise of a page, having heard of the flight of Silvia, had traced her steps to this forest. Proteus now rescued her from the hands of the robber; but scarce had she time to thank him for the service he had done her before he began to distress her afresh with his love-suit; and while he was rudely pressing her

[1] Eg'-lā-mour (moor). [2] See *Notes*.

to consent to marry him, and his page (the forlorn Julia) was standing beside them in great anxiety of mind, fearing lest the great service which Proteus had just done to Silvia should win her to show him some favor, they were all strangely surprised with the sudden ap- 440 pearance of Valentine, who, having heard his robbers had taken a lady prisoner, came to console and relieve her.

Proteus was courting Silvia, and he was so much ashamed of being caught by his friend that he was all at once seized with penitence and remorse; and he 445 expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 450 "I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you." Julia, who was standing beside her master as a page, hearing this strange offer, and fearing Proteus would not be able, with this new-found virtue, to refuse Silvia, fainted, and they were all 455 employed in recovering her; else would Silvia have been offended at being thus made over to Proteus, though she could scarcely think that Valentine would long persevere in this overstrained and too generous act of friendship. When Julia recovered from the fainting-fit, she 460 said, "I had forgot, my master ordered me to deliver this ring to Silvia." Proteus, looking upon the ring, saw that it was the one he gave to Julia in return for that which he received from her, and which he had sent by the supposed page to Silvia. "How is this?" 465 said he; "this is Julia's ring; how came you by it, boy?" Julia answered, "Julia herself did give it me, and Julia herself hath brought it hither."

Proteus, now looking earnestly upon her, plainly perceived that the page Sebastian was no other than the lady Julia herself; and the proof she had given of her constancy and true love so wrought in him that his love for her returned into his heart, and he took again his own dear lady, and joyfully resigned all pretensions to the lady Silvia to Valentine, who had so well deserved her.

Proteus and Valentine were expressing their happiness in their reconciliation, and in the love of their faithful ladies, when they were surprised with the sight of the Duke of Milan and Thurio, who came there in pursuit of Silvia.

Thurio first approached, and attempted to seize Silvia, saying, "Silvia is mine." Upon this Valentine said to him in a very spirited manner: "Thurio, keep back; if once again you say that Silvia is yours, you shall embrace your death. Here she stands; take but possession of her with a touch! I dare you but to breathe upon my love." Hearing this threat, Thurio, who was a great coward, drew back, and said he cared not for her, and that none but a fool would fight for a girl who loved him not.

The duke, who was a very brave man himself, said now, in great anger, "The more base and degenerate[1] in you to take such means for her as you have done, and leave her on such slight conditions." Then, turning to Valentine, he said: "I do applaud your spirit, Valentine, and think you worthy of an empress's love. You shall have Silvia, for you have well deserved her." Valentine then, with great humility, kissed the duke's hand, and accepted the noble present which he had made him

[1] Degraded, mean.

of his daughter with becoming thankfulness; taking occasion of this joyful minute to entreat the good-humored duke to pardon the thieves with whom he had associated in the forest, assuring him that, when reformed and restored to society, there would be found among them 505 many good and fit for great employment; for the most of them had been banished, like Valentine, for state offences rather than for any black crimes they had been guilty of. To this the ready duke consented; and now nothing remained but that Proteus, the false friend, was 510 ordained, by way of penance for his love-prompted faults, to be present at the recital of the whole story of his loves and falsehoods before the duke; and the shame of the recital to his awakened conscience was judged sufficient punishment; which being done, the 515 lovers, all four, returned back to Milan, and their nuptials were solemnized in presence of the duke, with high triumphs and feasting.

RIALTO BRIDGE, VENICE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHYLOCK the Jew lived at Venice; he was a usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio,[1] a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this

[1] An-tō′-ni-o.

covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto[1] (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best-conditioned,[2] and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio,[3] a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that, in her father's lifetime, he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but, not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.[4]

[1] RĬ-al′-to.

[2] Best in nature or disposition.

[3] Băs-sa′-nĭ-o (second *a* as in *ah*).

[4] Dŭc′-ats; coins worth about a dollar.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but, expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon an interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this Shylock thought within himself: "If I can once catch him on the hip,[1] I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest.[2] Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied: "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance[3] is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot as if I were a cur. Well, then, now, it appears you need my help; and you come to me and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys.* Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys." Anto-

[1] Get him into my power. [2] See *Notes.*
[3] Bearing with patience.

nio replied: "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break,[1] you may with better face exact the penalty." "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond that, if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio; "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed: "O father Abraham! what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable,[2] nor profitable

[1] Break my word, fail to pay. [2] Valuable.

neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor I offer this friendship; if he will take it, so;[1] if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont; her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.[2]

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of. She, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said: "Myself and what is mine to you and yours

[1] So be it.

[2] Gra-tia'-no (Grah-shah'-no).

is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring," presenting a ring to Bassanio. 140

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him by anything but broken 145 words of love and thankfulness; and, taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa,[1] Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of 150 Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife." 155

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting-gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia will- 160 ingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who 165 brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it

[1] Nē-rĭs′-sa.

was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said: "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper! Gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were: "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited; and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "O my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch all business and be gone! You shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money: and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before

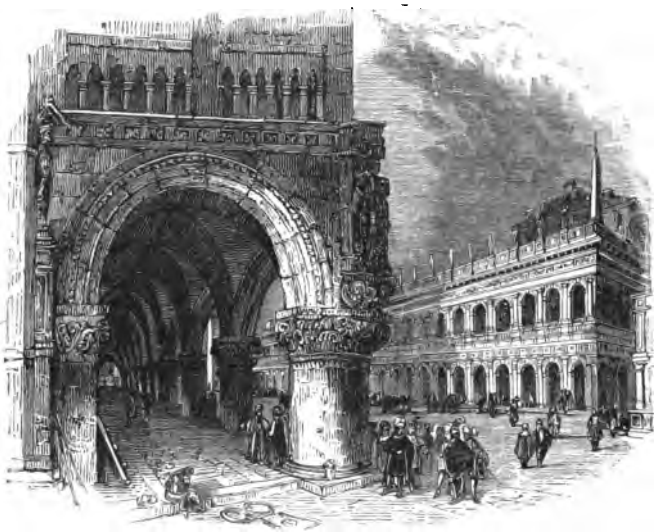
the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bid him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone she began to think and consider within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wifelike grace that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing[1] doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment at once resolved to go herself to Venice and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law. To this gentleman, whose name was Bellario,[2] she wrote, and, stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and, putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and, setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the Duke and Senators of Venice in the senate-

[1] Not at all (adverb). [2] Bĕl-la′-rĭ-o (*a* as in *ah*).



COLONNADE OF DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

house, when Portia entered this high court of justice and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthazar[1] (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He

[1] Băl'-thā-zar. See *Notes*.

was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and, first of all, she addressed herself to Shylock, and, allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing—it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice: and she bid Shylock remember that, as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavor to wrest[1] the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said: "A Daniel[2] is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I

[1] Misinterpret.

[2] See *Daniel*, v. 14–29.

do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, "By my soul I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me." "Why, then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife;" and, while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you any thing to say?" Antonio, with a calm resignation, replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio: "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio, in the deepest affliction, replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a

speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish 315 Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time;[1] I pray, pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full 320 of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed 325 to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said 330 Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judg- 335 ment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and, looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; 340 the words expressly are, a pound of flesh. If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of

[1] Are wasting time.

Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated[1] to the state of Venice." Now, as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's that it was flesh, and not blood, that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and, all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits[2] resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said, with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying: "Softly, there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty. Therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood, nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate." "Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio; "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying: "Tarry, Jew, I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies

[1] Forfeited.

[2] Cries of applause.

at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your 375
knees and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock: "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it. Half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state." 380

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his con- 385
sent to a young Christian named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this; and, being thus disappointed in his revenge and despoiled of his riches, he said: "I 390
am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and, if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your 395
riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before 400
her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and, turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for, in my mind,[1] you are much indebted to him." 405

The duke and his senators left the court; and then

[1] Opinion.

Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but, upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves, I will wear them for your sake;" and then, Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger. Now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And

there was laughing among these ladies to think, when 440
they got home, how they would tax their husbands with
giving away their rings, and swear that they had given
them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper
of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness 445
of having performed a good action. Her cheerful spir-
its enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed
to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon
was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw
from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed 450
fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is
burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws
its beams! so shines a good deed in a naughty[1] world;"
and, hearing the sound of music from her house, she
said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than 455
by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and,
dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited
the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them
with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend 460
to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings
of that lady were hardly over when they perceived
Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the
room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is
the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a 465
paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon
it like the poetry on a cutler's knife—'Love me, and
leave me not.'"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring sig-
nify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me, when I gave 470
it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death;

[1] For *naughty*, see note on p. 43, line 280.

and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman." "By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher[1] than yourself; he was 475 clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life; this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said: "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am 480 sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring." 485

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and 490 he said with great earnestness: "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame 495 for my seeming ingratitude that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of 500 these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said:

[1] Taller.

"I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his word with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventures of the rings and the husbands that did not know their own wives, Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

> "—while he liv'd he'd fear no other thing
> So sore[1] as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

[1] Sorely, exceedingly.

SYRACUSE.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE states of Syracuse and Ephesus being at variance, there was a cruel law made at Ephesus, ordaining that, if any merchant of Syracuse was seen in the city of Ephesus, he was to be put to death unless he could pay a thousand marks for the ransom of his life. 5

Ægeon,[1] an old merchant of Syracuse, was discovered

[1] Æ-gē′-on (*g* soft).

in the streets of Ephesus and brought before the duke, either to pay this heavy fine or to receive sentence of death.

Ægeon had no money to pay the fine, and the duke, before he pronounced the sentence of death upon him, desired him to relate the history of his life, and to tell for what cause he had ventured to come to the city of Ephesus, which it was death for any Syracusan merchant to enter.

Ægeon said that he did not fear to die, for sorrow had made him weary of his life, but that a heavier task could not have been imposed upon him than to relate the events of his unfortunate life. He then began his own history, in the following words:

"I was born at Syracuse, and brought up to the profession of a merchant. I married a lady, with whom I lived very happily, but being obliged to go to Epidamnium[1] I was detained there by my business six months, and then, finding I should be obliged to stay some time longer, I sent for my wife, who, as soon as she arrived, was brought to bed of[2] two sons, and, what was very strange, they were both so exactly alike that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. At the same time that my wife was brought to bed of these twin boys, a poor woman in the inn where my wife lodged was brought to bed of two sons, and these twins were as much like each other as my two sons were. The parents of these children being exceeding poor, I bought the two boys and brought them up to attend upon my sons.

"My sons were very fine children, and my wife was not a little proud of two such boys; and she daily

[1] Ep-ĭ-dam′-nĭ-um. [2] Gave birth to.

wishing to return home, I unwillingly agreed, and in an evil hour we got on shipboard; for we had not 40 sailed above a league from Epidamnium before a dreadful storm arose, which continued with such violence that the sailors, seeing no chance of saving the ship, crowded into the boat to save their own lives, leaving us alone in the ship, which we every moment expected 45 would be destroyed by the fury of the storm.

"The incessant weeping of my wife and the piteous complaints of the pretty babes, who, not knowing what to fear, wept for fashion because they saw their mother weep, filled me with terror for them, though I did not 50 for myself fear death; and all my thoughts were bent to contrive means for their safety. I tied my youngest son to the end of a small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide against storms; at the other end I bound the youngest of the twin slaves, and at the same time 55 I directed my wife how to fasten the other children in like manner to another mast. She thus having the care of the two eldest children, and I of the two younger, we bound ourselves separately to these masts with the children; and but for this contrivance we had 60 all been lost, for the ship split on a mighty rock and was dashed in pieces; and we, clinging to these slender masts, were supported above the water, where I, having the care of two children, was unable to assist my wife, who with the other children was soon sepa- 65 rated from me. But while they were yet in my sight they were taken up by a boat of fishermen, from Corinth (as I supposed); and, seeing them in safety, I had no care but to struggle with the wild sea waves, to preserve my dear son and the youngest slave. At 70 length we in our turn were taken up by a ship, and

the sailors, knowing me, gave us kind welcome and assistance, and landed us in safety at Syracuse; but from that sad hour I have never known what became of my wife and eldest child. 75

"My youngest son, and now my only care, when he was eighteen years of age began to be inquisitive after his mother and his brother, and often importuned me that he might take his attendant, the young slave who had also lost his brother, and go in search of them. At 80 length I unwillingly gave consent; for, though I anxiously desired to hear tidings of my wife and eldest son, yet in sending my younger one to find them I hazarded the loss of him also. It is now seven years since my son left me; five years have I passed in travelling 85 through the world in search of him. I have been in farthest Greece, and through the bounds of Asia, and, coasting homeward, I landed here in Ephesus, being unwilling to leave any place unsought that harbors men; but this day must end the story of my life, and 90 happy should I think myself in my death, if I were assured my wife and sons were living."

Here the hapless Ægeon ended the account of his misfortunes; and the duke, pitying this unfortunate father, who had brought upon himself this great peril 95 by his love for his lost son, said, if it were not against the laws, which his oath and dignity did not permit him to alter, he would freely pardon him; yet, instead of dooming him to instant death, as the strict letter of the law required, he would give him that day to try if 100 he could beg or borrow the money to pay the fine.

This day of grace did seem no great favor to Ægeon, for, not knowing any man in Ephesus, there seemed to him but little chance that any stranger would lend or

give him a thousand marks to pay the fine; and, help- 105
less and hopeless of any relief, he retired from the presence of the duke in the custody of a jailer.

Ægeon supposed he knew no person in Ephesus; but at the very time he was in danger of losing his life through the careful search he was making after 110
his youngest son, that son and his eldest son also were both in the city of Ephesus.

Ægeon's sons, besides being exactly alike in face and person, were both named alike, being both called Antipholus,[1] and the two twin slaves were also both named 115
Dromio.[2] Ægeon's youngest son, Antipholus of Syracuse, he whom the old man had come to Ephesus to seek, happened to arrive at Ephesus with his slave Dromio that very same day that Ægeon did; and he being also a merchant of Syracuse, he would have been 120
in the same danger that his father was, but by good fortune he met a friend who told him the peril an old merchant of Syracuse was in, and advised him to pass for a merchant of Epidamnium; this Antipholus agreed to do, and he was sorry to hear one of his own country- 125
men was in this danger, but he little thought this old merchant was his own father.

The eldest son of Ægeon (who must be called Antipholus of Ephesus, to distinguish him from his brother Antipholus of Syracuse) had lived at Ephesus twenty 130
years and, being a rich man, was well able to have paid the money for the ransom of his father's life; but Antipholus knew nothing of his father, being so young when he was taken out of the sea with his mother by the fishermen that he only remembered he had been 135
so preserved, but he had no recollection of either his

[1] An-tiph'-o-lus. [2] Drō'-mĭ-o.

father or his mother; the fishermen who took up this Antipholus and his mother and the young slave Dromio having carried the two children away from her (to the great grief of that unhappy lady), intending to sell them.

SITE OF ANCIENT EPHESUS.

Antipholus and Dromio were sold by them to Duke Menaphon,[1] a famous warrior, who was uncle to the Duke of Ephesus, and he carried the boys to Ephesus when he went to visit the duke his nephew.

The Duke of Ephesus, taking a liking to young Antipholus, when he grew up, made him an officer in his army, in which he distinguished himself by his great bravery in the wars, where he saved the life of his patron the duke, who rewarded his merit by marrying him to Adriana,[2] a rich lady of Ephesus; with whom he was living (his slave Dromio still attending him) at the time his father came there.

Antipholus of Syracuse, when he parted with his friend who advised him to say he came from Epidamnium, gave his slave Dromio some money to carry to the inn where he intended to dine, and in the meantime he said he would walk about and view the city and observe the manners of the people.

Dromio was a pleasant fellow, and when Antipholus was dull and melancholy he used to divert himself with the odd humors and merry jests of his slave, so that the freedoms of speech he allowed in Dromio were greater than is usual between masters and their servants.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had sent Dromio away, he stood awhile thinking over his solitary wanderings in search of his mother and his brother, of whom in no place where he landed could he hear the least tidings; and he said sorrowfully to himself: "I am like a drop of water in the ocean, which, seeking to find its fellow-drop, loses itself in the wide sea. So I unhappily, to find a mother and a brother, do lose myself."

While he was thus meditating on his weary travels,

[1] Mĕn′-ā-phon. [2] A-drĭ-ăn′-a.

which had hitherto been so useless, Dromio (as he thought) returned. Antipholus, wondering that he came back so soon, asked him where he had left the money. Now it was not his own Dromio, but the twin brother that lived with Antipholus of Ephesus, that he spoke to. The two Dromios and the two Antipholuses were still as much alike as Ægeon had said they were in their infancy; therefore no wonder Antipholus thought it was his own slave returned, and asked him why he came back so soon. Dromio replied: "My mistress sent me to bid you come to dinner. The capon burns, and the pig falls from the spit, and the meat will be all cold if you do not come home." "These jests are out of season," said Antipholus; "where did you leave the money?" Dromio still answering that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholus to dinner: "What mistress?" said Antipholus. "Why, your worship's wife, sir," replied Dromio. Antipholus having no wife, he was very angry with Dromio and said: "Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I am not in a sportive humor now; where is the money? We being strangers here, how dare you trust so great a charge from your own custody?" Dromio, hearing his master, as he thought him, talk of their being strangers, supposing Antipholus was jesting, replied merrily, "I pray you, sir, jest as you sit at dinner; I had no charge but to fetch you home, to dine with my mistress and her sister." Now Antipholus lost all patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home and told his mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner and said that he had no wife.

Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, was very

angry when she heard that her husband said he had no wife, for she was of a jealous temper; and she said her husband meant that he loved another lady better than herself, and she began to fret and say unkind words of jealousy and reproach of her husband; and her sister Luciana,[1] who lived with her, tried in vain to persuade her out of her groundless suspicions.

Antipholus of Syracuse went to the inn and found Dromio with the money in safety there, and, seeing his own Dromio, he was going again to chide him for his free jests when Adriana came up to him, and, not doubting but it was her husband she saw, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her (as well he might, never having seen this angry lady before); and then she told him how well he loved her before they were married, and that now he loved some other lady instead of her. "How comes it now, my husband," said she — "O, how comes it that I have lost your love?" "Plead you to me, fair dame?" said the astonished Antipholus. It was in vain he told her he was not her husband, and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours. She insisted on his going home with her, and Antipholus at last, being unable to get away, went with her to his brother's house, and dined with Adriana and her sister, the one calling him husband and the other brother, he, all amazed, thinking he must have been married to her in his sleep or that he was sleeping now. And Dromio, who followed them, was no less surprised; for the cook-maid, who was his brother's wife, also claimed him for her husband.

While Antipholus of Syracuse was dining with his brother's wife, his brother, the real husband, returned

[1] Lū-cĭ-an′-a (*c* as *sh*).

home to dinner with his slave Dromio, but his servants would not open the door, because their mistress had ordered them not to admit any company; and when they repeatedly knocked, and said they were Antipholus and Dromio, the maids laughed at them and said that Antipholus was at dinner with their mistress, and Dromio was in the kitchen; and, though they almost knocked the door down, they could not gain admittance, and at last Antipholus went away very angry and strangely surprised at hearing a gentleman was dining with his wife.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had finished his dinner, he was so perplexed at the lady's still persisting in calling him husband, and at hearing that Dromio had also been claimed by the cook-maid, that he left the house as soon as he could find any pretence to get away; for though he was very much pleased with Luciana, the sister, yet the jealous-tempered Adriana he disliked very much, nor was Dromio at all better satisfied with his fair wife in the kitchen; therefore both master and man were glad to get away from their new wives as fast as they could.

The moment Antipholus of Syracuse had left the house he was met by a goldsmith, who, mistaking him, as Adriana had done, for Antipholus of Ephesus, gave him a gold chain, calling him by his name; and when Antipholus would have refused the chain, saying it did not belong to him, the goldsmith replied he made it by his own orders, and went away leaving the chain in the hands of Antipholus, who ordered his man Dromio to get his things on board a ship, not choosing to stay in a place any longer where he met with such strange adventures that he surely thought himself bewitched.

The goldsmith who had given the chain to the wrong

Antipholus was arrested immediately after for a sum of money he owed; and Antipholus, the married brother, to whom the goldsmith thought he had given the chain, happened to come to the place where the officer was 275 arresting the goldsmith, who, when he saw Antipholus, asked him to pay for the gold chain he had just delivered to him, the price amounting to nearly the same sum as that for which he had been arrested. Antipholus denying the having received the chain, and the gold- 280 smith persisting to declare that he had but a few minutes before given it to him, they disputed this matter a long time, both thinking they were right, for Antipholus knew the goldsmith never gave him the chain, and, so like were the two brothers, the goldsmith was as certain he had 285 delivered the chain into his hands, till at last the officer took the goldsmith away to prison for the debt he owed, and at the same time the goldsmith made the officer arrest Antipholus for the price of the chain; so that, at the conclusion of their dispute, Antipholus and the 290 merchant were both taken away to prison together.

As Antipholus was going to prison, he met Dromio of Syracuse, his brother's slave, and mistaking him for his own he ordered him to go to Adriana his wife and tell her to send the money for which he was arrested. Dromio 295 wondering that his master should send him back to the strange house where he dined, and from which he had just before been in such haste to depart, did not dare to reply, though he came to tell his master the ship was ready to sail; for he saw Antipholus was in no humor 300 to be jested with. Therefore he went away, grumbling within himself that he must return to Adriana's house, "where," said he, "Dowsabel[1] claims me for a hus-

[1] Dow'-sā-bel.

band; but I must go, for servants must obey their masters' commands." 305

Adriana gave him the money, and as Dromio was returning he met Antipholus of Syracuse, who was still in amaze at the surprising adventures he met with; for, his brother being well known in Ephesus, there was hardly a man he met in the streets but saluted him as an old 310 acquaintance. Some offered him money, which they said was owing to him; some invited him to come and see them, and some gave him thanks for kindnesses they said he had done them, all mistaking him for his brother. A tailor showed him some silks he had bought for him, 315 and insisted upon taking measure of him for some clothes.

Antipholus began to think he was among a nation of sorcerers and witches, and Dromio did not at all relieve his master from his bewildered thoughts by asking him 320 how he got free from the officer who was carrying him to prison, and giving him the purse of gold which Adriana had sent to pay the debt with. This talk of Dromio's of the arrest, and of a prison, and of the money he had brought from Adriana, perfectly confounded An- 325 tipholus, and he said: "This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted, and we wander here in illusions;" and, quite terrified at his own confused thoughts, he cried out, "Some blessed power deliver us from this strange place!" 330

And now another stranger came up to him, and she was a lady, and she too called him Antipholus, and told him he had dined with her that day, and asked him for a gold chain which she said he had promised to give her. Antipholus now lost all patience, and, calling her 335 a sorceress, he denied that he had ever promised her a

chain, or dined with her, or had even seen her face before that moment. The lady persisted in affirming he had dined with her and had promised her a chain, which Antipholus still denying, she further said that she had given him a valuable ring, and if he would not give her the gold chain she insisted upon having her own ring again. On this Antipholus became quite frantic, and, again calling her sorceress and witch, and denying all knowledge of her or her ring, ran away from her, leaving her astonished at his words and his wild looks; for nothing to her appeared more certain than that he had dined with her, and that she had given him a ring, in consequence of his promising to make her a present of a gold chain. But this lady had fallen into the same mistake the others had done, for she had taken him for his brother. The married Antipholus had done all the things she taxed this Antipholus with.

When the married Antipholus was denied entrance into his own house (those within supposing him to be already there), he had gone away very angry, believing it to be one of his wife's jealous freaks, to which she was very subject; and, remembering that she had often falsely accused him of visiting other ladies, he, to be revenged on her for shutting him out of his own house, determined to go and dine with this lady; and she receiving him with great civility, and his wife having so highly offended him, Antipholus promised to give her a gold chain which he had intended as a present for his wife: it was the same chain which the goldsmith by mistake had given to his brother. The lady liked so well the thoughts of having a fine gold chain that she gave the married Antipholus a ring; which when, as she supposed (taking his brother for him), he denied,

and said he did not know her, and left her in such a 370
wild passion, she began to think he was certainly out of his senses; and presently she resolved to go and tell Adriana that her husband was mad. And while she was telling it to Adriana, he came, attended by the jailer (who allowed him to come home to get the 375
money to pay the debt), for the purse of money which Adriana had sent by Dromio, and he had delivered to the other Antipholus.

Adriana believed the story the lady told her of her husband's madness must be true when he reproached 380
her for shutting him out of his own house; and remembering how he had protested all dinner-time that he was not her husband, and had never been in Ephesus till that day, she had no doubt that he was mad. She therefore paid the jailer the money; and, having dis- 385
charged him, she ordered her servants to bind her husband with ropes, and had him conveyed into a dark room and sent for a doctor to come and cure him of his madness, Antipholus all the while hotly exclaiming against this false accusation, which the exact likeness 390
he bore to his brother had brought upon him. But his rage only the more confirmed them in the belief that he was mad; and Dromio persisting in the same story, they bound him also, and took him away along with his master. 395

Soon after Adriana had put her husband into confinement, a servant came to tell her that Antipholus and Dromio must have broken loose from their keepers, for that they were both walking at liberty in the next street. On hearing this, Adriana ran out to fetch 400
him home, taking some people with her to secure her husband again; and her sister went along with her.

When they came to the gates of a convent in their neighborhood, there they saw Antipholus and Dromio, as they thought, being again deceived by the likeness of the twin brothers.

Antipholus of Syracuse was still beset with the perplexities this likeness had brought upon him. The chain which the goldsmith had given him was about his neck, and the goldsmith was reproaching him for denying that he had it and refusing to pay for it, and Antipholus was protesting that the goldsmith freely gave him the chain in the morning, and that from that hour he had never seen the goldsmith again.

And now Adriana came up to him and claimed him as her lunatic husband, who had escaped from his keepers, and the men she brought with her were going to lay violent hands on Antipholus and Dromio; but they ran into the convent, and Antipholus begged the abbess to give him shelter in her house.

And now came out the lady abbess herself to inquire into the cause of this disturbance. She was a grave and venerable lady and wise to judge of what she saw, and she would not too hastily give up the man who had sought protection in her house; so she strictly questioned the wife about the story she told of her husband's madness, and she said: "What is the cause of this sudden distemper of your husband's? Has he lost his wealth at sea? or is it the death of some dear friend that has disturbed his mind?" Adriana replied that no such things as these had been the cause. "Perhaps," said the abbess, "he has fixed his affections on some other lady than you, his wife, and that has driven him to this state." Adriana said she had long thought the love of some other lady was the cause of his fre-

quent absences from home. Now it was not his love for another, but the teasing jealousy of his wife's temper, that often obliged Antipholus to leave his home; and, the abbess suspecting this from the vehemence of Adriana's manner, to learn the truth she said, "You should have reprehended[1] him for this." "Why, so I did," replied Adriana. "Ay," said the abbess, "but perhaps not enough." Adriana, willing to convince the abbess that she had said enough to Antipholus on this subject, replied: "It was the constant subject of our conversation. In bed, I would not let him sleep for speaking of it. At table, I would not let him eat for speaking of it. When I was alone with him I talked of nothing else; and in company I gave him frequent hints of it. Still all my talk was how vile and bad it was in him to love any lady better than me."

The lady abbess, having drawn this full confession from the jealous Adriana, now said: "And therefore comes it that your husband is mad. The venomous clamor of a jealous woman is a more deadly poison than a mad dog's tooth. It seems his sleep was hindered by your railing; no wonder that his head is light: and his meat was sauced with your upbraidings; unquiet meals make ill digestions, and that has thrown him into this fever. You say his sports were disturbed by your brawls; being debarred[2] from the enjoyment of society and recreation, what could ensue but dull melancholy and comfortless despair? The consequence is, then, that your jealous fits have made your husband mad."

Luciana would have excused her sister, saying she always reprehended her husband mildly; and she said

[1] Reproved. [2] Shut out.

to her sister, "Why do you hear these rebukes without answering them?" But the abbess had made her so plainly perceive her fault that she could only answer, "She has betrayed me to my own reproof."

Adriana, though ashamed of her own conduct, still insisted on having her husband delivered up to her; but the abbess would suffer no person to enter her house, nor would she deliver up this unhappy man to the care of the jealous wife, determining herself to use gentle means for his recovery, and she retired into her house again and ordered her gates to be shut against them.

During the course of this eventful day in which so many errors had happened from the likeness the twin brothers bore to each other, old Ægeon's day of grace was passing away, it being now near sunset; and at sunset he was doomed to die, if he could not pay the money.

The place of his execution was near this convent, and here he arrived just as the abbess retired into the convent; the duke attending in person, that if any offered to pay the money he might be present to pardon him.

Adriana stopped this melancholy procession, and cried out to the duke for justice, telling him that the abbess had refused to deliver up her lunatic husband to her care. While she was speaking, her real husband and his servant Dromio, who had got loose, came before the duke to demand justice, complaining that his wife had confined him on a false charge of lunacy, and telling in what manner he had broken his bands and eluded the vigilance of his keepers. Adriana was strangely surprised to see her husband, when she thought he had been within the convent.

Ægeon, seeing his son, concluded this was the son who had left him to go in search of his mother and his brother; and he felt secure that this dear son would readily pay the money demanded for his ransom. He therefore spoke to Antipholus in words of fatherly af- 505 fection, with joyful hope that he should now be released. But, to the utter astonishment of Ægeon, his son denied all knowledge of him, as well he might, for this Antipholus had never seen his father since they were separated in the storm in his infancy; but while the poor 510 old Ægeon was in vain endeavoring to make his son acknowledge him, thinking surely that either his griefs and the anxieties he had suffered had so strangely altered him that his son did not know him, or else that he was ashamed to acknowledge his father in his mis- 515 ery, in the midst of this perplexity the lady abbess and the other Antipholus and Dromio came out, and the wondering Adriana saw two husbands and two Dromios standing before her.

And now these riddling[1] errors, which had so per- 520 plexed them all, were clearly made out. When the duke saw the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios both so exactly alike, he at once conjectured aright of these seeming mysteries, for he remembered the story Ægeon had told him in the morning; and he said these 525 men must be the two sons of Ægeon and their twin slaves.

But now an unlooked-for joy indeed completed the history of Ægeon; and the tale he had in the morning told in sorrow, and under sentence of death, before the 530 setting sun went down was brought to a happy conclusion; for the venerable lady abbess made herself

[1] Puzzling.

known to be the long-lost wife of Ægeon and the fond mother of the two Antipholuses.

When the fishermen took the eldest Antipholus and 535 Dromio away from her, she entered a nunnery, and by her wise and virtuous conduct she was at length made lady abbess of this convent; and in discharging the rites of hospitality to an unhappy stranger she had unknowingly protected her own son. 540

Joyful congratulations and affectionate greetings between these long-separated parents and their children made them for a while forget that Ægeon was yet under sentence of death; but when they were become a little calm Antipholus of Ephesus offered the duke the 545 ransom-money for his father's life, but the duke freely pardoned Ægeon and would not take the money. And the duke went with the abbess and her newly found husband and children into the convent, to hear this happy family discourse at leisure of the blessed ending 550 of their adverse fortunes. And the two Dromios' humble joy must not be forgotten; they had their congratulations and greetings too, and each Dromio pleasantly complimented his brother on his good looks, being well pleased to see his own person (as in a glass) show so 555 handsome in his brother.

Adriana had so well profited by the good counsel of her mother-in-law that she never after cherished unjust suspicions or was jealous of her husband.

Antipholus of Syracuse married the fair Luciana, 560 the sister of his brother's wife; and the good old Ægeon, with his wife and sons, lived at Ephesus many years. Nor did the unravelling of these perplexities so entirely remove every ground of mistake for the future but that sometimes, to remind them of adventures past, 565

comical blunders would happen, and the one Antipholus and the one Dromio be mistaken for the other, making altogether a pleasant and diverting Comedy of Errors.

REMAINS OF GATE AT EPHESUS.

SPALATRO, A CITY OF ILLYRIA.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

SEBASTIAN and his sister Viola,[1] a young gentleman and lady of Messaline,[2] were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other that but for the difference in their dress they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria[3] as they were making a sea-voyage together. The ship, on board of which they were, split on a rock in a violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The

[1] Vī′-o-la. See *Notes*. [2] Mĕs′-sā-line (*i* as in *machine*).
[3] Il-ly′-rĭ-a (*y* as in *only*).

captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss; but the captain comforted her with the assurance that he had seen her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place." "Who governs here?" said Viola. The captain told her Illyria was governed by Orsino,[1] a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said she had heard her father speak of Orsino, and that he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," said the captain; "or was so very lately; for but a month ago I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as you know, what great ones do the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia,[2] a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she could live with this lady, who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would will-

[1] Or-si'-no (*i* as in *machine*). [2] O-liv'-I-a.

ingly serve this lady. But he replied this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the lady Olivia would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit,[1] to serve the Duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire and pass for a boy; but the forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

She, having observed a fair behavior in the captain, and that he showed a friendly concern for her welfare, intrusted him with her design, and he readily engaged to assist her. Viola gave him money, and directed him to furnish her with suitable apparel, ordering her clothes to be made of the same color and in the same fashion her brother Sebastian used to wear; and when she was dressed in her manly garb she looked so exactly like her brother that some strange errors happened by means of their being mistaken for each other; for, as will afterward appear, Sebastian was also saved.

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino, under the feigned name of Cesario.[2] The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain; and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station and showed such a ready observance[3] and faithful attachment to her lord that she soon became his most favored attendant. To Cesario Orsino confided the whole his-

[1] Dress. [2] Cē-sa'-rĭ-o (*a* as in *ah*). [3] Obedience.

tory of his love for the lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and unsuccessful suit he had made to one who, rejecting his long services and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence; and for the love of this lady who had so unkindly treated him, 80 the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field and all manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignoble sloth, listening to the effeminate[1] sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love-songs; and, neglecting the company of the wise and 85 learned lords with whom he used to associate, he was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion no doubt his grave courtiers thought Cesario was for their once noble master, the great Duke Orsino. 90

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the confidantes[2] of handsome young dukes, which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him; and much it moved her 95 wonder that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one should behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy 100 qualities; and she said, "If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must not she be content with this answer?" But Orsino 105 would not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He

[1] Womanish. [2] Persons confided in (French and feminine).

said no woman's heart was big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare the love of any lady for him to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference[1] for the duke's opinions, she could not help thinking this was not quite true, for she thought her heart had full as much love in it as Orsino's had; and she said, "Ah, but I know, my lord—" "What do you know, Cesario?" said Orsino. "Too well I know," replied Viola, "what love women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter loved a man, as I perhaps, were I a woman, should love your lordship." "And what is her history?" said Orsino. "A blank, my lord," replied Viola; "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief." The duke inquired if this lady died of her love, but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer; as probably she had feigned the story, to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer: 'Until seven years hence the element[2] itself shall not behold her face; but like a cloistress[3] she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother.'" On hearing this, the duke exclaimed, "O, she that has a heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how

[1] Regard, respect. [2] Air, sky. See *Notes*. [3] Nun.

will she love when the rich, golden shaft has touched her heart!" And then he said to Viola: "You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart; therefore, good youth, go to Olivia's house. Be not denied access; stand at her doors, and tell her there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience."[1] "And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O, then," replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my love! Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more to you than to one of graver aspect."

Away then went Viola; but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become a wife to him she wished to marry; but, having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity, and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant, "that you were sick: he said he knew you were, and therefore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep: he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said that therefore he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? for he seems fortified against all denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no." Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory[2] messenger might be, desired he might be admitted, and, throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's embassy;[3] not doubting but that he came from the duke, by his importunity. Viola, entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and, affecting the fine courtier's language of great men's pages, she

[1] Hearing. [2] Resolute, determined. [3] Message.

said to the veiled lady: "Most radiant, exquisite, and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house, for I should be sorry to cast away my speech upon another; for, besides that it is excel- 175 lently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it." "Whence come you, sir?" said Olivia. "I can say little more than I have studied," replied Viola; "and that question is out of my part." "Are you a comedian?"[1] said Olivia. "No," replied Viola; "and 180 yet I am not that which I play;" meaning that she, being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house; Olivia said she was; and then Viola, having more curiosity to see her rival's features than haste to 185 deliver her master's message, said, "Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply; for this haughty beauty, whom the Duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the 190 humble Cesario.

When Viola asked to see her face, Olivia said, "Have you any commission[2] from your lord and master to negotiate[3] with my face?" and then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, 195 she drew aside her veil, saying, "But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. Is it not well done?" Viola replied: "It is beauty truly mixed; the red and white upon your cheeks is by Nature's own cunning[4] hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady living, if 200 you will lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy." "O sir," replied Olivia, "I will not be

[1] Actor of comedy.
[2] Order, authority.
[3] Do business.
[4] Skilful.

so cruel! The world may have an inventory[1] of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent[2] red; *item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them; one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent here to praise[3] me?" Viola replied: "I see you what you are; you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such a love could but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty; for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love and sighs of fire!" "Your lord," said Olivia, "knows well my mind. I can not love him; yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I can not love him: he might have taken his answer long ago." "If I did love you as my master does," said Viola, "I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name. I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O, you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, but you should pity me!" "You might do much," said Olivia; "what is your parentage?" Viola replied, "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman." Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, "Go to your master and tell him I can not love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes it." And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone, Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortunes, yet my*

[1] List. [2] Rather, somewhat (adverb). [3] Appraise.

state is well: I am a gentleman; and she said aloud, "I will be sworn he is; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit, plainly show he is a gentleman." And then she wished Cesario was the duke; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love; but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root; and presently the noble lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a lady's character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped, by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation[1] of her design; and truly did it make Viola suspect; for, knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manners were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas!" said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise, I see, is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success[2] of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bid him he should go to her again the next day. In the mean-

[1] Hint. [2] Issue, result. See *Notes.*

time, to pass away the tedious interval, he commanded a song which he loved to be sung; and he said: "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, 270 Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters[1] and the knitters when they sit in the sun, and the young maids

[1] Female spinners. See *Notes*.

that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times." 275

SONG.

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress[1] let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 280
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown; 285
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave, 290
To weep there!"

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of unrequited[2] love, and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad 295 looks were observed by Orsino, who said to her, "My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye has looked upon some face that it loves; has it not, boy?" "A little, with your leave," replied Viola. "And what kind of woman, and of what age is she?" 300 said Orsino. "Of your age, and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola; which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a woman so much older

[1] See *Notes*. [2] Not returned.

than himself, and of a man's dark complexion; but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia, she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome young messengers; and the instant Viola arrived the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf this lady said, "I desired you never to speak of him again; but, if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit than music from the spheres."[1] This was pretty plain speaking, but Olivia soon explained herself still more plainly and openly confessed her love; and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed in Viola's face, she said: "O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honor, and by truth, I love you so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit[2] nor reason to conceal my passion." But in vain the lady wooed. Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love; and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitations[3] was a declaration of a resolution *Never to love any woman.*

No sooner had Viola left the lady than a claim was made upon her valor. A gentleman, a rejected suitor of Olivia, who had learned how that lady had favored the duke's messenger, challenged him to fight a duel.

[1] Stars, heavens. See *Notes.* [2] Wisdom.
[3] Entreaties, wooing.

What should poor Viola do, who, though she carried a manlike outside, had a true woman's heart and feared to look on her own sword.

When she saw her formidable[1] rival advancing toward her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman; but she was relieved at once from her terror and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by, who made[2] up to them and, as if he had been long known to her and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, "If this young gentleman has done offence, I will take the fault on me; and if you offend him, I will for his sake defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy where his bravery was of no use to him; for the officers of justice, coming up in that instant, apprehended[3] the stranger in the duke's name to answer for an offence he had committed some years before; and he said to Viola, "This comes with seeking you;" and then he asked her for a purse, saying, "Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you than for what befalls[4] myself. You stand amazed,[5] but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received a purse from him; but, for the kindness he had just shown her, she offered him a small sum of money, being nearly the whole she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth whom you see here I snatched from

[1] Fearful. [2] Came. [3] Arrested. [4] Happens to.
[5] Perplexed, bewildered.

the jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria and have fallen into this danger." But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as he was carried away he called 370 Viola by the name of Sebastian, reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend, as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to ask an explanation, she conjectured[1] 375 that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mistaken for her brother, and she began to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, whose name was Antonio, was a sea-captain. He 380 had taken Sebastian up into his ship when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian that he resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and 385 when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew if his person should be known there his life would be in danger, because in a sea-fight he had once dangerously wounded the Duke Orsino's 390 nephew. This was the offence for which he was now made a prisoner.

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if 395 he saw anything he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn while Sebastian went to view the

[1] Guessed.

town; but Sebastian not returning at the time appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him; and Viola being dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword (as he thought) in defence of the youth he had saved; and when Sebastian (as he supposed) disowned him and denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. She had not been long gone, when her adversary thought he saw her return; but it was her brother Sebastian who happened to arrive at this place, and he said, "Now, sir, have I met with you again? There 's for you!" and struck him a blow. Sebastian was no coward; he returned the blow with interest and drew his sword.

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she, too, mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for, though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses; but perceiving that she was mistress

of a fine house, and that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship; and Olivia, finding Cesario in this good humor, 435 and fearing he might change his mind, proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal; and when the marriage ceremony was over he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend 440 Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the meantime Orsino came to visit Olivia; and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house the officers of justice brought their prisoner, Antonio, before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master; and when 445 Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner he had rescued this youth from the perils of the sea, and, after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying that for 450 three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had been with him. But now, the lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story; and he said: "Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth! But for thee, 455 fellow, thy words are madness. Three months has this youth attended on me." And then he ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as Antonio had done, for all the words 460 he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario; and when he found his page had obtained this high place in Olivia's favor he threatened him with all

the terrors of his just revenge; and as he was going to depart he called Viola to follow him, saying, "Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe[1] for mischief." Though it seemed in his jealous rage he was going to doom Viola to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, "Where goes my Cesario?" Viola replied, "After him I love more than my life." Olivia, however, prevented their departure by loudly proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia; the evidence of that lady and the priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But, thinking it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress and the *young dissembler*,[2] her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when (as it seemed to them) a miracle appeared; for another Cesario entered and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia; and when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other, for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola and his sister, under that disguise.

[1] Ready, eager.

[2] Deceiver.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned, they laughed at the lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman; and Olivia showed no dislike to her ex- 500

"In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia."

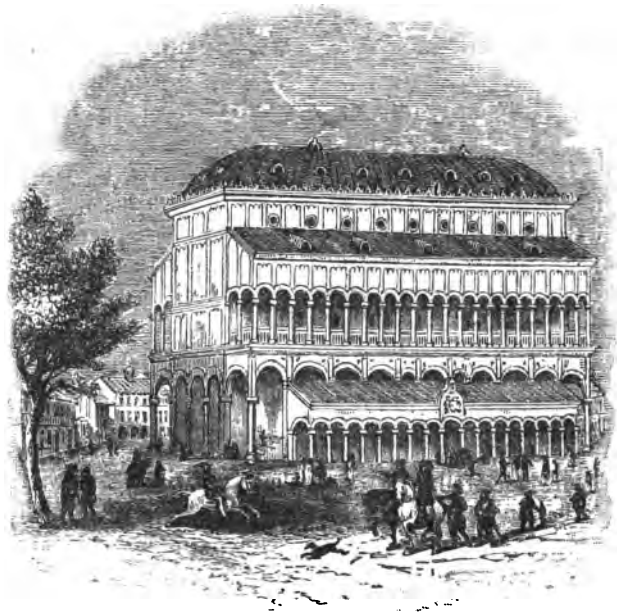
change, when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

The hopes of Orsino were forever at an end by this marriage of Olivia, and with his hopes all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were 505

fixed on the event[1] of his favorite, young Cesario, being changed into a fair lady. He viewed Viola with great attention, and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's attire; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page, but now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings, which were like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife; and he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and *boy*), "Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me, and for the faithful service you have done for me, so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master so long, you shall now be your master's mistress and Orsino's true duchess."

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart which she had so ungraciously rejected to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the good priest who had married her to Sebastian in the morning, to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day; the storm and shipwreck, which had separated them, being the means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the lady Olivia.

[1] Result.



TOWN-HOUSE, PADUA.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

KATHERINE, the shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista,[1] a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katherine the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were

[1] Bap-tis′-ta.

made to her gentle sister Bianca,[1] putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

It happened, however, that a gentleman named Petruchio[2] came to Padua purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing[3] discouraged by these reports of Katherine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant[4] and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean[5] labor as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katherine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning, for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katherine being but in sport, or, more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment, as the only means to overcome in her own way the passionate ways of the furious Katherine.

A-courting, then, Petruchio went to Katherine the Shrew, and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his *gentle daughter* Katherine, as Petruchio called her, saying archly[6] that, having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behavior, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katherine

[1] Bĭ-ăn′-ca.
[2] Pē-trū′-chĭ-o (*ch* as in *chin*).
[3] See p. 99, foot-note.
[4] Scold, vixen.
[5] Arduous. See *Notes*.
[6] Jestingly.

would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katherine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute for presuming to find fault with her performance; which, when Petruchio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench[1]; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her;" and, hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said: "My business is in haste, Signior[2] Baptista: I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father. He is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but, being glad to get Katherine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry and half his estate at his death; so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio to listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said: "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks, as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katherine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her with "Good-morrow, Kate, for that is

[1] A fine girl. See *Notes*. [2] Pronounced like *senior*.

your name, I hear." Katherine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katherine who do speak to me." "You lie," replied the lover; "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew; but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."

A strange courtship they made of it; she, in loud and angry terms, showing him how justly she had gained the name of shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katherine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife; your dowry is agreed on, and, whether you will or no, I will marry you."

And now Baptista entering, Petruchio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katherine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a madcap ruffian as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving; and he said to her: "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding-guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katherine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

VENICE.

On the Sunday all the wedding-guests were assem- 105
bled, but they waited long before Petruchio came, and Katherine wept for vexation to think that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared; but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katherine, nor was he dressed him- 110
self like a bridegroom, but in strange, disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about, and his servant and the very horses on which they rode were, in like manner, in mean and fantastic fashion habited.[1] 115

Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress: he said Katherine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes, and, finding it was in vain to

[1] Dressed, equipped.

argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way; for when the priest asked Petruchio if Katherine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up this madbrained bridegroom gave him such a cuff that down fell the priest and his book again; and all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so that the high-spirited Katherine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church, he called for wine and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop[1] which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly[2] and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never, sure, was there such a mad marriage; but Petruchio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage-feast, but when they returned from church Petruchio, taking hold of Katherine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katherine, could make him change his purpose; he claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katherine off, he seeming so fierce and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and, himself and his servant no better mounted, they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and ever

[1] Soaked cake. [2] As if hungry.

when this horse of Katherine's stumbled he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burden, as if he had been the most passionate man alive.

At length, after a weary journey, during which Kath- 155
erine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon 160
served; but Petruchio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor and ordered the servants to remove it away, and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katherine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed.[1] And when 165
Katherine, weary and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bedclothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair, where, if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice 170
of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

The next day Petruchio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katherine, but, when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything that was 175
set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katherine, the haughty Katherine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food, but they, being instructed by Petruchio, replied they dared not give her anything 180
unknown to their master. "Ah," said she, "did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my

[1] Cooked.

father's door have food given them. But I, who never knew what it was to entreat for anything, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths 185 kept waking and with brawling fed, and, that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that, if I sleep or eat, it were present[1] death to me." Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio; he, not meaning 190 that she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her: "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am; I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then, 195 you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katherine, made her say, though angered to the heart, "I pray you, let it stand." But this was 200 not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat." On this Katherine brought out a reluctant "I thank you, sir." And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying: "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate! 205 eat apace.[2] And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of finery;" 210 and, to make her believe he really intended to give her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher,[3] who brought some new clothes he had ordered

[1] See note on page 39, line 185. [2] Fast, quick.
[3] Dealer in hats and caps. See *Notes*.

for her, and then, giving her plate to the servant to take away before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke[1];" on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying the cap was moulded in a porringer,[2] and that it was no bigger than a cockle or a walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katherine said, "I will have this; all gentlewomen wear such caps as these." "When you are gentle," replied Petruchio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katherine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said: "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will. I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind, and if you cannot you had better stop your ears." Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it." "Love me or love me not," said Katherine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none." "You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward, and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was that she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that. "O, mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here? What! do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi-cannon,[3] carved up and down like an apple-tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according

[1] Ordered. [2] Porridge-dish. [3] A kind of cannon.

to the fashion of the times;" and Katherine said she never saw a better-fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and, privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he, with fierce words and furious gestures, drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katherine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now, it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katherine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper-time before we get there." But Petruchio meant that she should be so completely subdued that she should assent to everything he said before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it before he set forward; "for," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and when I go it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katherine was forced to practise her newly found obedience; and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was

the sun when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and 280 that is myself, it shall be the moon or stars or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." He then made as if he were going back again; but Katherine, no longer Katherine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so 285 far, and it shall be the sun or moon or what you please; and if you please to call it a rush-candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say it is the moon." "I know it is the moon," replied Kather- 290 ine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petruchio. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katherine; "but sun it is not when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katherine." Now then he suffered her to proceed 295 on her journey; but further to try if this yielding humor would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good-morrow, gentle mistress;" and asked Katherine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, 300 praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair, lovely maid, once more good-day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake." The now 305 completely vanquished Katherine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him: "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet; whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the 310 parents of so fair a child." "Why, how now, Kate?"

said Petruchio; "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katherine said: "Pardon me, old gentleman; the sun has so dazzled my eyes that everything I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father; I hope you will pardon me for my mad mistake." "Do, good old grandsire," said Petruchio, "and tell us which way you are travelling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way." The old gentleman replied: "Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio,[1] and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio,[2] a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katherine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding-feast, and there was present also another newly married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio,[3] the other new-married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had

[1] Vin-cĕn′-tio (*tio* as in *ratio*).

[2] Lū-cĕn′-tio.

[3] Hor-ten′-sio (*s* as *sh*).

chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he per- 345 ceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him; for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs the father of Katherine said, "Now, in good sadness,[1] son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all." "Well," said Petruchio, 350 "I say no; and therefore for assurance[2] that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, 355 for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katherine, and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns; but Petruchio merrily said he would lay[3] as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but twenty times as much 360 upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to a hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come." "How!" 365 said Petruchio, "does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said it would be well if Katherine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to 370 his servant, "Go, and entreat my wife to come to me." "O, ho! entreat her!" said Petruchio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." "I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But pres-

[1] In all seriousness. See *Notes*. [2] Proof. [3] Bet, stake.

ently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the 375
servant returned without his mistress; and he said to
him, "How now! Where is my wife?" "Sir," said the
servant, "my mistress says you have some goodly jest
in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids
you come to her." "Worse and worse!" said Petru- 380
chio; and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go
to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come
to me." The company had scarcely time to think she
would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in
amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my holidame,[1] here comes 385
Katherine!" and she entered, saying meekly to Petru-
chio, "What is your will, sir, that you send for me?"
"Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he.
Katherine replied, "They sit conferring[2] by the parlor
fire." "Go, fetch them hither!" said Petruchio. Away 390
went Katherine without reply to perform her husband's
command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you
talk of a wonder." "And so it is," said Hortensio;
"I marvel what it bodes."[3] "Marry, peace it bodes,"
said Petruchio, "and love, and quiet life, and right 395
supremacy,[4] and, to be short, everything that is sweet
and happy." Katherine's father, overjoyed to see this
reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair befall
thee,[5] son Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I
will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, 400
as if she were another daughter, for she is changed as
if she had never been." "Nay," said Petruchio, "I
will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of
her new-built virtue and obedience." Katherine now
entering with the two ladies, he continued: "See where 405

[1] See *Notes*. [2] Conversing. [3] Foreshows, indicates.
[4] Rule, authority. [5] Good luck be yours.

she comes, and brings your froward[1] wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katherine, that cap of yours does not become you; off with that bauble, and throw it under foot." Katherine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. "Lord!" said Hortensio's 410 wife, "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too said, "Fie! what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, 415 has cost me a hundred crowns since dinner-time." "The more fool you," said Bianca, "for laying[2] on my duty." "Katherine," said Petrucnio, "I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And, to the wonder of all pres- 420 ent, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience as she had practised it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruchio's will. And Katherine once more became famous in Padua, not, as heretofore, as Katherine the Shrew, 425 but as Katherine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.

[1] Unruly, disobedient. [2] Betting, laying a wager.

A SEAPORT IN SICILY.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

LEONTES,[1] King of Sicily, and his queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione,[2] once lived in the greatest harmony together. So happy was Leontes in the love of this excellent lady that he had no wish ungratified except that he sometimes desired to see again, and to present to his queen, his old companion and schoolfellow, Polixenes,[3] King of Bohemia. Leontes and Pol-

[1] Lē-on′-tēs (*s* as *z*).

[2] Her-mī′-ō-nē.

[3] Pŏl-ix′-ē-nēs (*s* as *z*).

ixenes were brought up together from their infancy; but, being by the death of their fathers called to reign over their respective kingdoms, they had not met for many years, though they frequently interchanged gifts, letters, and loving embassies.

At length, after repeated invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court, to make his friend Leontes a visit.

At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He recommended the friend of his youth to the queen's particular attention, and seemed, in the presence of his dear friend and old companion, to have his felicity quite completed. They talked over old times; their school-days and their youthful pranks were remembered and recounted to Hermione, who always took a cheerful part in these conversations.

When, after a long stay, Polixenes was preparing to depart, Hermione, at the desire of her husband, joined her entreaties to his that Polixenes would prolong his visit.

And now began this good queen's sorrow; for Polixenes, refusing to stay at the request of Leontes, was won over by Hermione's gentle and persuasive words to put off his departure for some weeks longer. Upon this, although Leontes had so long known the integrity and honorable principles of his friend Polixenes, as well as the excellent disposition of his virtuous queen, he was seized with an ungovernable jealousy. Every attention Hermione showed to Polixenes, though by her husband's particular desire and merely to please him, increased the unfortunate king's malady; and from being a loving and a true friend, and the best and fondest of husbands, Leontes became suddenly a savage and

only aggravated[1] Leontes's displeasure, and he ordered her husband, Antigonus, to take her from his presence.

When Paulina went away, she left the little baby at its father's feet, thinking, when he was alone with it, he would look upon it and have pity on its helpless innocence.

The good Paulina was mistaken; for no sooner was she gone than the merciless father ordered Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child and carry it out to sea and leave it upon some desert shore to perish.

Antigonus, unlike the good Camillo, too well obeyed the orders of Leontes; for he immediately carried the child on shipboard and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he could find.

So firmly was the king persuaded of the guilt of Hermione, that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion, whom he had sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphos; but, before the queen was recovered from her grief for the loss of her precious baby, he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. And when all the great lords, the judges, and all the nobility of the land were assembled together to try Hermione, and that unhappy queen was standing as a prisoner before her subjects to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered the assembly and presented to the king the answer of the oracle sealed up; and Leontes commanded the seal to be broken and the words of the oracle to be read aloud, and these were the words: "*Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.*" The king

[1] Increased.

would give no credit to the words of the oracle: he said it was a falsehood invented by the queen's friends, and he desired the judge to proceed in the trial of the queen; but while Leontes was speaking a man entered and told him that the prince Mamillius, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, struck with grief and shame, had suddenly died.

Hermione, upon hearing of the death of this dear affectionate child, who had lost his life in sorrowing for her misfortune, fainted, and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy queen, and he ordered Paulina and the ladies who were her attendants to take her away and use means for her recovery. Paulina soon returned, and told the king that Hermione was dead.

When Leontes heard that the queen was dead he repented of his cruelty to her, and now that he thought his ill usage had broken Hermione's heart he believed her innocent; and he now thought the words of the oracle were true, as he knew "if that which was lost was not found," which he concluded was his young daughter, he should be without an heir, the young prince Mamillius being dead; and he would give his kingdom now to recover his lost daughter; and Leontes gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in mournful thoughts and repentant grief.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant princess out to sea was driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia, the very kingdom of the good king Polixenes. Here Antigonus landed, and here he left the little baby.

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter, for as he was going

back to the ship a bear came out of the woods and tore him to pieces; a just punishment on him for obeying the wicked order of Leontes.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels; for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle, with the name of *Perdita*[1] written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and untoward fate.

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little Perdita home to his wife, who nursed it tenderly; but poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found. Therefore he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches, and with part of Perdita's jewels he bought herds of sheep and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up Perdita as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd's daughter.

The little Perdita grew up a lovely maiden; and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother shine forth in her untutored mind that no one, from her behavior, would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court.

Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel.[2] As this young prince was hunting near the shepherd's dwelling, he saw the old man's supposed daughter; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of Perdita caused him instantly to fall in love with her. He soon, under the name of

[1] Per'-dĭ-ta. See *Notes*.

[2] Flor'-ĭ-zĕl.

Doricles' and in the disguise of a private gentleman, 200
became a constant visitor at the old shepherd's house.

Florizel's frequent absences from court alarmed Polixenes; and, setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter.

Polixenes then called for Camillo—the faithful Ca- 205
millo, who had preserved his life from the fury of Leontes—and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita.

Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling while they were celebrating 210
the feast of sheep-shearing; and though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in and join in the general festivity.

Nothing but mirth and jollity was going forward. 215
Tables were spread, and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribbons, gloves, and such toys, of a peddler at the door. 220

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other than desirous of engaging in the sports and silly amusements of those around them. 225

The king was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him. He therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple yet elegant manner in which Perdita conversed with his son did not a little surprise Polixenes; he said to Camillo, 230
"This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw; noth-

Dor'-ĭ-clēs (*s* as *z*).

PORTAL OF PALACE COURT IN PRAGUE, CAPITAL OF BOHEMIA.

ing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Camillo replied, "Indeed, she is the very queen of curds and cream." 235

"Pray, my good friend," said the king to the old shepherd, "what fair swain is that talking with your

daughter?" "They call him Doricles," replied the shepherd. "He says he loves my daughter; and, to speak truth, there is not a kiss to choose which loves 240 the other best. If young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of;" meaning the remainder of Perdita's jewels, which, after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage-portion. 245

Polixenes then addressed his son. "How now, young man!" said he. "Your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents; but you have let the peddler go, and have bought 250 your lass no toy."

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the king his father, replied, "Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart." Then, turning to Perdita, 255 he said to her, "O, hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who, it seems, was once himself a lover; he shall hear what I profess!" Florizel then called upon this old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita, 260 saying to Polixenes, "I pray you, mark our contract."[1]

"Mark your divorce, young sir," said the king, discovering himself. Polixenes then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden, 265 calling Perdita "shepherd's brat," "sheep-hook,"[2] and other disrespectful names; and threatening, if ever she suffered his son to see her again, he would put her and the old shepherd her father to a cruel death.

[1] Betrothal. See *Notes*. [2] Shepherd's crook.

The king then left them in great wrath, and ordered Camillo to follow him with Prince Florizel.

When the king had departed, Perdita, whose royal nature was roused by Polixenes's reproaches, said, "Though we are all undone, I was not much afraid; and once or twice I was about to speak, and tell him plainly that the self-same sun which shines upon his palace hides not his face from our cottage, but looks on both alike." Then sorrowfully she said: "But, now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no farther. Leave me, sir. I will go milk my ewes, and weep."

The kind-hearted Camillo was charmed with the spirit and propriety of Perdita's behavior; and, perceiving that the young prince was too deeply in love to give up his mistress at the command of his royal father, he thought of a way to befriend the lovers and at the same time to execute a favorite scheme he had in his mind.

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the king of Sicily, was become a true penitent; and though Camillo was now the favored friend of King Polixenes, he could not help wishing once more to see his late royal master and his native home. He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita that they should accompany him to the Sicilian court, where he would engage Leontes should protect them till through his mediation they could obtain pardon from Polixenes and his consent to their marriage.

To this proposal they joyfully agreed; and Camillo, who conducted everything relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them.

The shepherd took with him the remainder of Per-

dita's jewels, her baby-clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle.

After a prosperous voyage, Florizel and Perdita, 305 Camillo and the old shepherd, arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned his dead Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness and gave a cordial welcome to Prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as 310 his princess, seemed to engross all Leontes's attention. Perceiving a resemblance between her and his dead queen Hermione, his grief broke out afresh, and he said, such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been, if he had not cruelly destroyed her. "And 315 then, too," said he to Florizel, "I lost the society and friendship of your brave father, whom I now desire more than my life once again to look upon."

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the king had taken of Perdita, and that he had lost a 320 daughter, who was exposed in infancy, he fell to comparing the time when he found the little Perdita with the manner of its exposure, the jewels and other tokens of its high birth; from all which it was impossible for him not to conclude that Perdita and the king's lost 325 daughter were the same.

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the faithful Paulina, were present when the old shepherd related to the king the manner in which he had found the child, and also the circumstance of Antigonus's death, he having seen 330 the bear seize upon him. He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child; and he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck, and he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the 335

writing of her husband. It could not be doubted that Perdita was Leontes's own daughter. But, O, the noble struggles of Paulina between sorrow for her husband's death and joy that the oracle was fulfilled in the king's heir, his long-lost daughter, being found! When Le- 340 ontes heard that Perdita was his daughter, the great sorrow that he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child made him that he could say nothing for a long time but "O, thy mother, thy mother!"

Paulina interrupted this joyful yet distressful scene 345 with saying to Leontes that she had a statue, newly finished by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,[1] which was such a perfect resemblance of the queen that, would his majesty be pleased to go to her house and look upon it, he would almost be ready to think it 350 was Hermione herself. Thither then they all went; the king anxious to see the semblance of his Hermione, and Perdita longing to behold what the mother she never saw did look like.

When Paulina drew back the curtain which concealed 355 this famous statue, so perfectly did it resemble Hermione that all the king's sorrow was renewed at the sight. For a long time he had no power to speak or move.

"I like your silence, my liege," said Paulina; "it the more shows your wonder. Is not this statue very 360 like your queen?"

At length the king said: "O, thus she stood, even with such majesty, when I first wooed her! But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so aged as this statue looks." Paulina replied: "So much the more the 365 carver's excellence, who has made the statue as Hermione would have looked had she been living now.

[1] Rō-ma'-nō (*a* as in *ah*).

But let me draw the curtain, sire, lest presently you think it moves."

The king then said: "Do not draw the curtain! 370 Would I were dead! See, Camillo, would you not think it breathed? Her eye seems to have motion in it." "I must draw the curtain, my liege," said Paulina. "You are so transported,[1] you will persuade yourself the statue lives." "O sweet Paulina," said Leontes, 375 "make me think so twenty years together! Still methinks there is an air comes from her. What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her." "Good, my lord, forbear!" said Paulina. "The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; 380 you will stain your own with oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?" "No, not these twenty years," said Leontes.

Perdita, who all this time had been kneeling and beholding in silent admiration the statue of her match- 385 less mother, said now, "And so long could I stay here, looking upon my dear mother."

"Either forbear this transport," said Paulina to Leontes, "and let me draw the curtain, or prepare yourself for more amazement. I can make the statue move, 390 indeed; ay, and descend from off the pedestal, and take you by the hand. But then you will think, which I protest I am not, that I am assisted by some wicked powers." "What you can make her do," said the astonished king, "I am content to look upon. What you 395 can make her speak, I am content to hear; for it is as easy to make her speak as move."

Paulina then ordered some slow and solemn music, which she had prepared for this purpose, to strike up;

[1] Overcome with emotion.

and, to the amazement of all the beholders, the statue came down from off the pedestal and threw its arms around Leontes's neck. The statue then began to speak, praying for blessings on her husband and on her child, the newly-found Perdita.

No wonder that the statue hung upon Leontes's neck and blessed her husband and her child. No wonder; for the statue was indeed Hermione herself, the real, the living queen.

Paulina had falsely reported to the king the death of Hermione, thinking that the only means to preserve her royal mistress's life; and with the good Paulina Hermione had lived ever since, never choosing Leontes should know she was living till she heard Perdita had been found; for, though she had long forgiven the injuries which Leontes had done to herself, she could not pardon his cruelty to his infant daughter.

His dead queen thus restored to life, his lost daughter found, the long-sorrowing Leontes could scarcely support[1] the excess of his own happiness.

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted parents thanked Prince Florizel for loving their lowly-seeming daughter; and now they blessed the good old shepherd for preserving their child. Greatly did Camillo and Paulina rejoice that they had lived to see so good an end of all their faithful services.

And, as if nothing should be wanting to complete this strange and unlooked-for joy, King Polixenes himself now entered the palace.

When Polixenes first missed his son and Camillo, knowing that Camillo had long wished to return to

[1] Bear.

Sicily, he conjectured he should find the fugitives here; and, following them with all speed, he happened to arrive just at this, the happiest moment of Leontes's life.

Polixenes took a part in the general joy. He forgave his friend Leontes the unjust jealousy he had conceived against him, and they once more loved each other with all the warmth of their first boyish friendship. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita. She was no "sheep-hook" now, but the heiress of the crown of Sicily.

Thus have we seen the patient virtues of the long-suffering Hermione rewarded. That excellent lady lived many years with her Leontes and her Perdita, the happiest of mothers and of queens.

A CASTLE IN BOHEMIA.

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT AT STRATFORD.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS, except a few of the most familiar, have been avoided in the Notes, as in other parts of the book. The references to act, scene, and line in the quotations from Shakespeare are added for the convenience of the teacher or parent, who may sometimes wish to refer to the context, and possibly to make use of it in talking with the young people. The line-numbers are those of the "Globe" edition, which vary from those of my edition only in scenes that are wholly or partly in *prose*.

The numbers appended to names of persons (as on pages 183, 197, etc.) are the dates of their birth and death. It must *not* be supposed that I would have these committed to memory as a part of the lesson, though it is well for the pupil to know at *about* what time an eminent man lived or wrote. W. J. R.

CHARLES LAMB.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London, in 1775. He was educated at the school of Christ's Hospital, and at the age of seventeen became a clerk in the office of the East India Company. There he remained until 1825, when he retired with a small pension. He was never married, but devoted his life to the care of his only sister, Mary Anne (1765–1847), who was subject to insane fits, in one of which she killed her mother. The *Essays of Elia* are the most famous of his writings. In conjunction with his sister he wrote a volume of *Poetry for Children* (1809), besides these *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807). He died on the 27th of December, 1834; and she on the 20th of May, 1847.

From a letter written by Lamb in 1806 we learn that the tales from the Comedies were written by his sister; but her name did not appear on the title-page of the first edition, nor was it mentioned in the preface, though the latter made it clear that more than one person had been engaged in preparing the book. Mary's name may have been omitted at her own request. No doubt Charles helped in revising her work for the press.

THE TEMPEST.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in April, 1564. He probably spent some years in the grammar school there. When he was eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself. A few years later he went to London, where he became first an actor, then a writer of plays. After gaining fame and fortune in London, he returned to Stratford about the year 1612, and died there on the 23d of April, 1616. Besides the thirty-seven plays ascribed to him, he wrote two long poems — *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* — a few shorter ones, and a hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets*.

The Tempest was probably written about 1611, being one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays. There are reasons for believing that it was founded upon an earlier play or novel, no copy of which has come down to our day.

Page 1, line 1.—*A certain island.* It is not likely that Shakespeare had any particular island in mind; but we must suppose it to be in the Mediterranean, as the shipwreck occurred when the King of Naples and his party were on their way home from Tunis.

Line 3.—*Miranda.* The name is from the Latin, and means *admirable.*

Page 2, line 10.—*Much affected by all learned men.* In the time of Shakespeare almost everybody, learned and unlearned, believed in magic and witchcraft. A few men were bold enough to speak and write against the delusion. One of the first of these in England was Reginald Scot, whose *Discoverie* of Witchcraft* (1584) was one of the books which we know that Shakespeare had read. In 1597 James VI. of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England, published his treatise on *Demonology*, in which he defended the popular belief. Witches were hung in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692; and the laws against witchcraft were not formally repealed in England until 1736.

* That is, exposure.

Line 16.—*Imprisoned in the bodies of large trees.* According to the play, Ariel had been thus confined in "a cloven pine" for "a dozen years" before Prospero set him free. See on page 6, line 149.

Line 23.—*Caliban.* It is supposed that the name was formed by transposing the letters of *canibal*, or *cannibal.*

Line 27.—*Taught him to speak*, etc. Compare the play (i. 2. 351):

> "I pitied thee,
> Took pains to make thee speak; when thou didst not, savage,
> Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
> A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
> With words that made them known. But thy vile race,*
> Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
> Could not abide to be with."

Line 37.—*Ariel, in the likeness of an ape*, etc. Compare what Caliban says of Ariel and the other spirits in the play (ii. 2. 8):

> "For every trifle are they set upon me;
> Sometime like apes that mow † and chatter at me
> And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
> Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount ‡
> Their pricks § at my footfall; sometime am I
> All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
> Do hiss me into madness."

Page 3, line 52.—*If by your art*, etc. Compare the play (i. 2. 1):

> "If by your art, my dearest father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
> * * * * *
> Had I been any god of power, I would
> Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
> It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
> The fraughting ‖ souls within her."

Prospero tells Miranda that "there 's no harm done," and adds:

> "I have done nothing but in care of thee,
> Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
> Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
> Of whence I am, nor that I am more better ¶
> Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell
> And thy no greater father."

Line 65.—*Can you remember*, etc. This dialogue is also from the play (i. 2. 38):

> "*Prospero.* Canst thou remember
> A time before we came unto this cell?

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* Nature. † "Make mouths" or faces. ‡ Raise. § Prickles, quills.
‖ Freighting, forming the *freight* of the ship. Our word *fraught* is an old past participle of the verb *freight.* ¶ See p. 226, foot-note.

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out* three years old.
Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.
Prospero. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Miranda. 'T is far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Prospero. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm† of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
Miranda. But that I do not.
Prospero. Twelve year‡ since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power."

Page 4, line 95.—*Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?* The question is taken from the play, where Prospero says in reply:

"Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me," etc.

Line 101.—*Either tackle, sail, or mast. Either* properly refers to one of two things, and as a *pronoun* or *adjective* it is still so used. We can say *either of the two*, but not *either of the three.* But as a *conjunction* it is not limited in this way. Thus we find in the Bible (1 *Kings*, xviii. 27): "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth."

Page 5, line 106.—*What a trouble*, etc. This, like parts of the preceding dialogue, is taken with little change from the play (i. 2. 151):

"*Miranda.* Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Prospero. O, a cherubin§
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd‖ the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,¶ to bear up
Against what should ensue.

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* Fully, completely.
† Abyss, depth, or distance. *Backward* is here used as a noun.
‡ Often used as a plural in Shakespeare's time.
§ A form much used in the time of Shakespeare.
‖ Sprinkled. ¶ A sustaining courage.

Miranda. How came we ashore?
Prospero. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded * much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."

Line 121.—*His magic wand.* With this the magician performed many of his wonderful feats. Compare page 8, line 228.

Line 128.—*My brave spirit.* The word *brave* was formerly in very common use as a term of praise or commendation. Miranda, in the play, calls the ship that was wrecked "a brave vessel" (the "*fine* large ship" of page 3, line 50); and elsewhere Miranda says that Ferdinand has "a brave form;" and she herself is referred to as a "brave lass" (a beautiful girl). See also page 14, line 369. So the noun *bravery* meant beauty, elegance, etc. Compare *Isaiah*, iii. 18: "the bravery of their tinkling ornaments;" and Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 57: "With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery;" that is, a double set of fine garments or ornaments.

Page 6, line 149.—*Thy charge is faithfully performed*, etc. Compare the play (i. 2. 237):

"*Prospero.* Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work.
* * * * * * *
Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember † thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Prospero. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ariel. My liberty.
Prospero. Before the time be out? no more!
Ariel. I prithee,‡
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate § me a full year.
Prospero. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ariel. I do not, sir.
Prospero. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

* Aided, been of service. † Remind. ‡ Pray thee. § Abate.

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ariel. No, sir.
Prospero. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ariel. Sir, in Argier.*
Prospero. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd.
* * * * * *
Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for † thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,‡ she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there."

Page 7, line 181.—*Full fathom five.* That is, at a depth of fully five fathoms, or thirty feet. *Fathom* is used as a plural, like *year* in the passage quoted in note on page 3, line 65. *Foot, mile, pound,* and other words meaning measure, weight, time, etc., were similarly employed as plurals. We still speak of a *ten-foot pole,* a *two-pound weight,* etc.

Line 182.—*Of his bones are coral made.* Bones cannot be turned into coral, nor eyes into pearls, but the matter of animals and plants that have died and decayed does in the course of time reappear in new forms of life and beauty.

Line 187.—*Sea-nymphs.* Water spirits. In the play (i. 2. 301) Prospero says to Ariel: "Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea."

Line 195.—*Tell me what you are looking at yonder.* Compare the play (i. 2. 407):

"*Prospero.* The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance,§
And say what thou seest yond.‖
Miranda. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave ¶ form. But 't is a spirit.

---

* An old form of *Algiers.* † Because. ‡ Behests, commands.
§ Raise thine eyelids. ‖ Yonder.
¶ Beautiful. See note on line 128.

Prospero. No, wench;* it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have—such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wrack;† and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that 's beauty's canker,‡ thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Miranda. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble."

Page 8, line 211.—*That Miranda was the goddess of the place.* Compare the play (i. 2. 420):

"*Ferdinand.* Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me § here; my prime ‖ request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid ¶ or no?
Miranda. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid."

Line 221.—*As a spy.* Compare the play (i. 2. 452):

"*Prospero.* Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest ** not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.††
Ferdinand. No, as I am a man.
Miranda. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Prospero. [*To Ferdinand*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor.—Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Ferdinand. No;
I will resist such entertainment ‡‡ till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Miranda. O dear father!

---

* Girl. See note on page 151, line 45.
† Wreck; the only form of the word when Shakespeare wrote. He uses it as a rhyme to *back*, *alack*, etc.
‡ Canker-worm. See note on page 22, line 161.
§ How I should behave.
‖ First, chief.
¶ A mortal maiden.
** Ownest.
†† Of it. *On* was often used like *of*, as vulgarly now.
‡‡ Treatment.

MANACLING NECK AND FEET TOGETHER.

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.*
Prospero. What! I say,
My foot my tutor?†—Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;‡
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,§
And make thy weapon drop.
Miranda. Beseech you, father!
Prospero. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Miranda. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Prospero. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee! What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is‖ no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Miranda. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

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* Of gentle or noble birth, and therefore no coward.
† Will you, my inferior, attempt to teach me? ‡ Position of defence.
§ His magic wand. ‖ Often used by Shakespeare *before* a plural subject.

Prospero. [*To Ferdinand*] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferdinand. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison."

Page 10, line 263.—*Do not work so hard.* Compare the play (iii. 1. 16):

"*Miranda.* Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard.
* * * * * * *
My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.
Ferdinand. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do!
Miranda. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.
Ferdinand. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Miranda. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against."

Line 288.—*I do not remember the face of any woman,* etc. See the play (iii. 1. 48):

"*Miranda.* I do not know
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skilless* of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of.†—But I prattle

* Ignorant. † In Shakespeare's time *like of* was often used as we use *like.*

Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget."

Page 11, line 303.—*I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of.* This is taken word for word from the play; and so is the last sentence of the speech, "I am your wife," etc. "Plain and holy innocence" is also Shakespeare's.

Line 313.—*Then, as my gift,* etc. This is almost exactly like the play (iv. 1. 13):

"Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter."

In a preceding speech, Prospero has said:

"Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her."

Page 12, line 338.—*Ariel told his master,* etc. This, with Prospero's reply, is based upon one of the most beautiful passages in the play (v. 1. 17):

"*Ariel.* Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them your affections
Would become tender.
Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prospero. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they,* be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel;
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves."

Page 14, line 368.—"*O wonder!*" *said Miranda,* etc. This follows the play closely (v. 1. 181):

"*Miranda.* O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!

---

* That feel all human emotion as keenly as they do; that am as sensitive to suffering as they.

Prospero. 'T is new to thee.
Alonso. What* is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st† acquaintance cannot be three hours;
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Ferdinand. Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she 's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alonso. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Prospero. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that 's gone."

Page 16, line 428.—*Ariel sung this pretty song.* Both *sang* and *sung* are now used as the past tense of *sing*. The former is perhaps more common in this country. Shakespeare has *sung* except in one instance (*Sonnet* 73. 4), where *sang* is used for the sake of the rhyme.

Line 436.—*Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand.* In the play (iv. 1. 54) Prospero says:

"I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book."

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, on which this story is founded, is one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's plays. It was probably written in 1594, when the poet was thirty years old, and the plot appears to be his own.

Page 17, line 1.—*There was a law*, etc. Whether there was any such law in Athens in the prehistoric age when Theseus is said to have lived, we do not know; but long afterwards Solon made a law giving parents the power of life and death over their children.

Page 18, line 14.—*Theseus.* The name may be pronounced

* Who. † Longest.

either Thē'-se-us, as on page 18, or Thē'-seus (a dissyllable), as the Greeks made it.

Duke. The title is a modern one, but writers before Shakespeare applied it to Greeks and Romans. We find it in the Bible, in *Genesis*, xxxvi. 15, 1 *Chronicles*, i. 51, etc.

Page 19, line 59.—*Oberon.* The king of the fairies had been known by this name before the time of Shakespeare, but the poet seems to have been the first to call the queen *Titania.* In *Romeo and Juliet* (i. 4. 53) he gives her the name of *Mab.*

Line 65.—*Till all their fairy elves*, etc. Here the language of Shakespeare is closely copied. He says (ii. 1. 30):

> "all their elves for fear
> Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there."

Line 69.—*A little changeling boy.* Fairies were supposed to steal pretty babies and leave their own offspring instead. In the old ballad of *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow* (see our *Fairy Tales*, page 52), the mischievous elf says:

> "When larks gin* sing
> Away we fling,
> And babes new-born steal as we go;
> An elf in bed
> We leave instead,
> And wend us, laughing ho, ho, ho!"

See also Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, i. 10. 65:

> "From thence a Fairy thee unweeting reft,
> There as thou slept in tender swadling band;
> And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
> Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft." †

Page 20, line 77.—*Ill met by moonlight*, etc. This is from the play (ii. 1. 60):

> "*Oberon.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
> *Titania.* What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
> I have forsworn his bed and company.
> *Oberon.* Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?
> * * * * * * *
> Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
> I do but beg a little changeling boy,
> To be my henchman.‡

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* Begin (to).

† For other illustrative quotations, see the long note in *Fairy Tales*, p. 147.

‡ Page.

Titania. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

* * * * * * *

Oberon. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury."

Line 88.—*Puck.* The description of this mischievous elf is from Shakespeare in all its details.

Page 21, line 114.—*Love in Idleness.* That is, love in vain. The flower is the pansy, or heart's-ease, which is as familiar in this country as in England.

Line 120.—*Though it be a lion,* etc. Compare the play (ii. 1. 179):

"The next thing that she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I 'll make her render up her page to me."

Line 125.—*To his heart.* With all his heart, as we should say.

Page 22, line 152.—*Her fairy bower.* Shakespeare's description of it is very beautiful (ii. 2. 246):

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed* wide enough to wrap a fairy in."

Line 161.—*Cankers.* Shakespeare uses this for canker-worms, making Titania say (ii. 2. 1):

"Come, now a roundel† and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice‡ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep."

In the play the song has a second stanza, as follows:

"Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!

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* Robe, garment; now used only of mourning apparel.
† Commonly a song, but here a dance in a *round*, or circle.
‡ Bats; as it is made in the story.

Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence.
Philomel, with melody," etc.

Page 25, line 240.—"*Oh!*" *said she*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 2. 123):

"Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout* my insufficiency?
Good troth,† you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce ‡ I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness."

Here we follow the original text by printing *Oh!* Properly there is a distinction between *O* and *oh*, the former being an interjection of *address*, the latter of *emotion* (surprise, fear, pain, etc.); but *O* is now generally used in both senses, and *oh* is becoming obsolete.

Page 26, line 277.—*Fell to high words.* Began to quarrel.

Line 278.—*It is you have set.* That is, you *who* have set. Compare the play (iii. 2. 222):

"Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?"

Line 289.—*In fashion of a double cherry.* This pretty comparison is Shakespeare's (iii. 2. 208):

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

Line 295.—*Persevere.* In the play the word is *persever* (per-sĕv'-er), as it was spelled and pronounced in the time of Shakespeare:

"Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;

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* Mock, make sport of.
† In truth; *troth* being the same word as *truth*. *Sooth* has the same meaning.
‡ Of necessity.

Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument."*

Page 27, line 309.—*King of shadows.* Shakespeare's words (iii. 2. 347): "Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook."

Page 29, line 339.—*Ah! what angel,* etc. All the dialogue that follows is copied from the play, but, being made up of fragments taken from two different scenes (iii. 1 and iv. 1), it cannot be well illustrated by quotations.

Page 30, line 377.—*Marvellous hairy.* The expression is from the play, *marvellous* being used adverbially, as adjectives often were.

Page 32, line 460.—*If any are offended,* etc. This is suggested by what Puck says at the end of the play:

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* was probably written in 1599, and the story was taken from the Italian, where it had been told by Ariosto (1474–1533) in his *Orlando Furioso,* and also by a novelist named Matteo Bandello (1480–1561). Spenser (1552–1599) had already made use of the tale, with some variations, in the *Faërie Queene* (ii. 4. 17), this part of the poem having been published in 1590.

Page 34, line 36.—*A perfect war of raillery,* etc. Leonato says in the opening scene of the play, referring to Beatrice: "There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them."

Line 46.—*Said she would eat all he had killed.* In the first scene Beatrice says to the messenger who announces the coming of Benedick: "I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing."

Page 35, line 48.—*The prince's jester.* Beatrice compares Benedick to the domestic fool or clown, who was one of the regular serv-

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* Subject (that is, of scorn or derision).

ants in the households of wealthy people. His duty was to make sport for his employers. He wore a fantastic dress of motley colors, with a peculiar cap adorned with small bells. See the description of Wamba the Jester in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, quoted in our *Tales of Chivalry* (pages 42–45), and the notes on the same.

Page 86, line 79.—*Do you affect Hero?* Compare the play (i. 1. 298):

> "*Don Pedro.* Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
> *Claudio.* O, my lord,
> When you went onward on this ended action,
> I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
> That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
> Than to drive liking to the name of love;
> But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
> Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
> Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
> All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
> Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars,—
> *Don Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
> And tire the hearer with a book of words.
> If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
> And I will break with* her and with her father,
> And thou shalt have her."

Line 90.—*Accept of Claudio*, etc. We find *accept of* several times in these *Tales*, but the transitive *accept* is to be preferred. Shakespeare has the latter much oftener than the former.

Page 87, line 121.—*Come hither, Leonato*, etc. This dialogue is almost the same as in the play (ii. 3. 91):

> "*Don Pedro.* Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?
> *Claudio.* * * * I did never think that lady would have loved any man.
> *Leonato.* No, nor I neither:† but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor."

Line 128.—*Confirmed all this with saying*, etc. *By saying* would be more in accordance with good usage. Shakespeare generally has *confirm by*, though he occasionally uses *with*.

Line 136.—*It were good*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 3. 160):

> "*Don Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover‡ it.

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* Break or broach the subject to.

† Double negatives like this were used by good writers and speakers in the time of Shakespeare.

‡ Disclose, reveal.

Claudio. To what end? He would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

Don Pedro. An* he should, it were an alms† to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady. * * *

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Don Pedro. In everything but loving Benedick."

Page 38, line 141.—*An excellent sweet lady and exceeding wise.* Both *excellent* and *exceeding* are adverbs here, as often in Shakespeare, from whom these examples are taken. It might be thought that *excellent* was an adjective ("an excellent, sweet lady"); but a comparison with other passages in Shakespeare proves the contrary. We often find it used by itself as an adverb; as in "Thou didst it excellent" (*Taming of the Shrew*, ind. 1. 89); and joined with another adverb; as "excellent well" (*Othello*, ii. 3. 121), etc.

Line 148.—*Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?* This is taken directly from the play. *Sits the wind in that corner?* means, Does the wind blow from that quarter? in other words, Is that the way things are going?

The soliloquy that follows is nearly the same as in the play.

Page 39, line 169.—*I am a Jew.* Much the same as *I am a villain*, the Jews being treated with great contempt in the time of Shakespeare. See what Shylock says on page 94.

Line 171.—*Caught in the net.* In this expression, as in *Sits the wind in that corner?* above, we have an example of *figurative* language, or a variation from the ordinary, or *literal*, use of language. Benedick is *like* a creature caught in a net, because he has been deceived by the trick played upon him. This particular form of figurative language, called a *metaphor* (from a Greek word meaning a *change*, or *exchange*, of words), is an *indirect* or *implied comparison.* If the expression had been "*like* a creature caught in a net," or "*as if* caught in a net," the comparison would have been *direct*, and it would be called a *simile* (a Latin word meaning *similar*, which is derived from it).

Line 180.—*Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun*, etc. This is from the play (iii. 1. 8), with some changes:

"Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it."

The use of *like* makes the comparison a *direct* one, or a *simile.*

The word *minion* formerly meant a favorite, without the con-

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* If. † A charitable deed.

temptuous sense that it now has. A writer of Shakespeare's day uses the expression, "God's disciple and his dearest minion."

Line 185.—*Presently.* In Shakespeare, as in other writers of the time, *presently* almost always means instantly. This is well illustrated in the *Tempest* (iv. 1. 42), where Prospero tells Ariel to summon certain spirits, and Ariel asks "Presently?" to which his master replies, "Ay, with a twink;" that is, "in the twinkling of an eye." See also 1 *Samuel*, ii. 16, and *Matthew*, xxvi. 53. Similarly, *present* often means instant; as in "present death" (*Lucrece*, 1263), etc.

Line 192.—*Now begin*, etc. This is from the play, where it is arranged thus (iii. 1. 24):

> "Now begin;
> For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
> Close by the ground, to hear our conference."

Here we have another simile. Beatrice is compared to a lapwing, a bird common in England, but not known in this country, somewhat like our plover. Its nest is made on the ground, and old writers have many allusions to its endeavors to mislead persons who might steal the eggs, which are much sought for food. Yarrell, in his *History of British Birds*, says: "The female birds invariably, upon being disturbed, run from the eggs, and then fly near to the ground for a short distance, without uttering any alarm cry."

Line 195.—*No, truly, Ursula*, etc. Compare the play (iii. 1. 34):

> "No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
> I know her spirits are as coy and wild
> As haggards of the rock."

Haggards were wild hawks, as distinguished from those that were tamed and trained to hunt other birds.

Page 40, line 203.—*Lest she make sport of it.* All the editions of Lamb have "*made* sport," apparently on account of the past tense in "it *were* not good;" but Shakespeare has:

> "And therefore certainly it were not good
> She knew his love, lest she make sport at it."

The use of the present here would be good English now.

Line 206.—*Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.* This is from Shakespeare word for word; and so is the reply. In the rest of the dialogue there are but a few slight changes from the language of the play. *Excellent* is used adverbially, as in line 141.

Line 223.—*What fire is in mine ears?* In the play (iii. 3. 107) this is in rhyme:

> "What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
> Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
  No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
  Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
  To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly."

Page 42, line 246.—*Borachio.* If this were the Italian form of the name, *ch* should be pronounced like *k*; but, like *Petruchio* (in the *Taming of the Shrew*) and certain other names, it is Anglicized (made English, or put into an English form) in order to suggest the proper pronunciation. The Italian form would be *Boraccio* (pronounced Bo-ra'-chi-o).

Page 43, line 280.—*Naughty.* This word formerly had a much stronger meaning than at present. Compare *Proverbs*, vi. 12: "A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth." See also the noun *naughtiness* (wickedness) in 1 *Samuel*, xvii. 28, *Proverbs*, xi. 6, etc.

Line 289.—*Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?* The question is in the exact words of the play.

Line 294.—*Have gone about.* That is, have sought or endeavored. *Go about* was formerly very common in this sense. Cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 212: "man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream." See also *Romans*, x. 3.

Page 44, line 301.—*True, O God!* There is a strange misapprehension of Shakespeare here. The dialogue in the play (iv. 1. 63) is as follows:

"*Leonato.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Benedick. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!"

Hero's exclamation refers to what Don John has said, which affects her so much that she does not hear, or at least does not regard, what Benedick says.

Line 319.—*He had attentively marked the lady's countenance*, etc. In the play (iv. 1. 156) the friar says:

"I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

* * * * *

Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes."

Page 45, line 345.—*What shall become of this?* These are Shakespeare's words. We should now say, "What will come of this?" that is, what will be the result of it? The reply of the friar is condensed from the play, with little change in the language. There is one alteration worth noting. For "interest in his *heart*" the play has "interest in his *liver*;" and there are many passages in Shakespeare (see quotation on p. 210) and other old writers in which the *liver* is represented as the seat of love. The idea was a very ancient one, being found in Greek and Latin literature.

Line 360.—*The smallest twine may lead me.* This metaphor (see note on page 39, line 171) is from the play. What does it mean in literal language?

Page 46, line 369.—*Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?* The question is from the play, and the dialogue that follows is all copied from Shakespeare with no change except slight condensation.

Line 380.—*Nor I deny nothing.* For the double negative, see on page 37, line 121 (foot-note).

Line 381.—*By my sword.* The sword was often used in swearing because the hilt was in the form of a cross, and sometimes had a cross inscribed upon it. Compare *Hamlet* (i. 5) where Hamlet makes his friends swear upon his sword that they will say nothing about the visit of his father's ghost.

Line 392.—*A proper saying!* That is, an improper or false saying. This is an example of that form of figurative language called *irony*. The meaning is the opposite of that which the words naturally or literally express. The tone in which they are spoken, or the connection in which they are used, makes the real meaning

clear. Irony is seldom used except for conveying blame or censure under the form of praise.

Page 48, line 442.—*His beloved Hero's image*, etc. Compare the play (v. 1. 259), where Claudio exclaims:

> "Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
> In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first;"

that is, in the beautiful form *in* which I first loved it. Shakespeare often omits the preposition in a relative clause when it has been expressed in the main sentence, and sometimes even when it has *not* been so expressed.

Line 444.—*Like iron.* What *figure* (or form of figurative language) is this? What other example of it just below?

Page 49, line 458.—*An Ethiop.* An Ethiopian or negro. The word is Shakespeare's.

Line 467.—*Give me your hand*, etc. Compare the play (v. 4. 58):

> "*Claudio.* Give me your hand; before this holy friar,
> I am your husband, if you like of* me.
> *Hero.* And when I liv'd I was your other wife; [*Unmasking.*
> And when you lov'd you were my other husband.
> *Claudio.* Another Hero!
> *Hero.* Nothing certainer;
> One Hero died defil'd, but I do live,
> And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
> *Don Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
> *Leonato.* She died, my lord, but whiles† her slander liv'd."

Line 483.—*Challenging her with.* Charging her with; a meaning of *challenge* now obsolete. Shakespeare has *challenge for* in *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 42; and *challenged of* occurs in *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1. 340.

Page 50, line 494.—*That he took her but for pity*, etc. Compare the play (v. 4. 92):

> "*Benedick.* Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
> *Beatrice.* I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption."

Line 502.—*A brave punishment.* In the last speech of the play, Benedick, upon hearing that Don John has been taken, says: "Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him."

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* See on page 10, line 288 (foot-note).

† While; an old form.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SHAKESPEARE'S *As You Like It* was written at about the same time as *Much Ado About Nothing*, probably in 1599. The story was taken from a novel by Thomas Lodge (1555–1625) entitled *Rosalynde*, and first published in 1590. Lodge was indebted for some of the main incidents to *The Cokes* Tale of Gamelyn*, formerly supposed to be Chaucer's, but now generally believed to be the work of some other writer.

Page 51, line 6.—*The Forest of Arden.* The Forest of Ardennes was in the northeastern part of France. This is probably the locality that Lodge had in mind as the scene of his story, though his lions are much out of place in it. There was another Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, the English county in which Shakespeare was born.

Page 52, line 13.—*Here they lived like the old Robin Hood*, etc. Compare the play (i. 1. 120): "They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Robin Hood was a famous outlaw and robber, who, according to old ballads and traditions, haunted Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, and Barnsdale Forest, in Yorkshire, in the 12th century; but it is more probable that he lived in the 14th century. For one of the stories about him see our *Tales of Chivalry*, pages 84–91.

The Golden Age (or the *golden world*, as Shakespeare calls it), according to the Latin poet Ovid, was an early period of innocence and happiness, when men were pure and good without laws or rulers. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man without labor, and the year was a perpetual spring.

Line 18.—*These poor dappled fools.* The expression is from Shakespeare, who, like other writers of the time, sometimes used *fool* as a term of endearment, though generally with the added idea of pity. Compare the play (ii. 1. 21) where the banished duke says:

> "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
> And yet it irks† me the poor dappled fools,
> Being native burghers‡ of this desert city,
> Should in their own confines§ with forked heads‖
> Have their round haunches gor'd."

* Cook's. † Troubles, pains. ‡ Citizens.
§ Accented on the second syllable. ‖ With forked (barbed) arrows.

Line 27.—*Their tooth is nothing like so keen*, etc. Compare the song in the play (ii. 7. 174):

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude;
> Thy tooth is not so keen,
> Because thou art not seen,
> Although thy breath be rude."

Line 29.—*Yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it.* This is taken from a famous and beautiful passage in the play (ii. 1. 22):

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It was commonly believed in Shakespeare's time that toads were venomous, and also that they had this "precious jewel," or "toad-stone," in their heads. The stone was said to be beautiful, and also to have certain medicinal properties. Its virtues are set forth by many learned writers of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Page 53, line 58.—*Which is only practised now by country clowns.* A better arrangement would be, "which is practised now only by country clowns" (or "now practised only," etc.). Why?

Line 70.—*How now, daughter and niece*, etc. In the play (i. 2. 164) Duke Frederick says: "How now, daughter and cousin!* are you crept hither to see the wrestling? . . . You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him." They appeal to him, but he replies almost exactly in the words here ascribed to him.

Page 54, line 97.—*The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die.* The construction is awkward. "And his wish to die," or "and which made him wish to die," would be better.

Page 55, line 113.—*Sir Rowland de Boys.* The name *Boys*, or *Bois*, is French, and properly pronounced *Bwah;* but French names

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* *Cousin* was formerly used in a loose sense for almost any relationship except the very nearest. In Shakespeare, for instance, it is applied to nephews, nieces, uncles, brothers-in-law, and grandchildren. It was sometimes even employed by princes in addressing other princes or noblemen not related at all to themselves.

in Shakespeare's plays were generally Anglicized (see note on page 42, line 246), as we know from puns upon the words, and also from their use in metre and rhyme.

Page 56, line 142.—*Is it possible*, etc. Compare the play (i. 3. 26):

> "*Celia.* Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?
> *Rosalind.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.
> *Celia.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,* I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; † yet I hate not Orlando."

Line 159.—*I did not then*, etc. Compare the play (i. 3. 67):

> "*Celia.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;
> It was your pleasure and your own remorse.‡
> I was too young that time to value her,
> But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
> Why so am I; we still have slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we went coupled and inseparable.
> *Duke Frederick.* She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
> Her very silence and her patience,
> Speak to the people, and they pity her.
> Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name,
> And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
> When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
> Firm and irrevocable is my doom
> Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd."

Line 164.—*Ate together.* The early editions of Lamb have "eat," which Shakespeare uses in the corresponding passage (see preceding note), as often elsewhere for both the past tense and the participle. So he has *rose* for *risen.*

Page 57, line 184.—*The tallest.* The comparative is the better form in referring to one of two objects or classes of objects, but the superlative has been used more or less by good writers from very early times. See Mätzner's *English Grammar*, vol. iii. p. 284.

Line 187.—*Ganimed.* The usual spelling is *Ganymede* (Gan′-ĭ-meed), following the Latin *Ganymedes* (Găn-ĭ-mē′-dēz), but Lamb gives it an English form. It was the name of a beautiful boy who

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* Reasoning, or *following* out the argument.

† That is, intensely or ardently. *Dear* and *dearly* were formerly applied to any strong feeling whether of love or hatred. Thus we find in Shakespeare "dearest foe" (*Hamlet*, i. 2. 182), "dearest enemy" (*Henry IV.* iii. 2. 123), etc.

‡ Pity.

became the cup-bearer of Zeus (Zūs), or Jupiter, the king of the gods. In the play Rosalind says (i. 2. 126):

> "I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
> And therefore look you call me Ganymede."

She then asks Celia what she will be called, and the reply is:

> "Something that hath a reference to my state;
> No longer Celia, but Aliena."

Aliena is a Latin word meaning a *stranger*, or foreigner, and therefore it will be appropriate to her condition as a stranger in a strange land.

Page 58, line 211.—*The weaker vessel.*—This is from Shakespeare, who copies it from 1 *Peter*, iii. 7: "giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel."

Page 60, line 283.—*O my gentle master*, etc. This is from the play (ii. 3. 2) with little change:

> "*Adam.* What, my young master! O my gentle master!
> O my sweet master! O you memory
> Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make* you here?
> Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
> And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
> Why would you be so fond† to overcome
> The bonny priser‡ of the humorous§ duke?
> Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
> Know you not, master, to some kind of men
> Their graces serve them but as enemies?
> * * * * * *
> O, what a world is this, when what is comely
> Envenoms him that bears it!
> *Orlando.* Why, what's the matter?
> *Adam.* O unhappy youth!
> Come not within these doors; within this roof
> The enemy of all your graces lives.
> Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
> Yet not the son, I will not call him son
> Of him I was about to call his father—
> Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
> To burn the lodging where you use to lie
> And you within it; if he fail of that,
> He will have other means to cut you off.
> * * * * *
> *Orlando.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
> *Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.
> *Orlando.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
> Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

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* Do † So foolish as. ‡ The gallant prize-fighter. § Capricious.

A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.

* * * * * * *

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that does the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,*
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty.

* * * * * *

I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.

* * * * * *

But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent
We 'll light upon some settled low content." †

Page 61, line 309.—*For both our maintenance.* That is, for the maintenance of us both. The use of the singular noun is peculiar. Shakespeare always has the plural in similar constructions; as "were you both our mothers" (that is, the mother of us both) in *All 's Well*, i. 3. 169; "both our remedies" (the remedy for us both) in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 51, etc.

Page 62, line 341.—*Pardon me, I pray you*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 7. 106):

"*Orlando.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,

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* See *Job*, xxxviii. 41; *Psalms*, cxlvii. 9; *Matthew*, x. 29; and *Luke*, xii. 6. 24.

† That is, some place where we may get a humble living and settle down contented. It is a good example of the manner in which Shakespeare often expresses a great deal in few words.

If ever been where bells have knoll'd* to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orlando. I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort!"

Page 64, line 398.—*Talked to Orlando of a certain lover*, etc. Compare the play (iii. 2. 377):

"*Rosalind.* There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,† I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian‡ of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

* * * * * * * *

Rosalind. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness. . . . Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth,

* Chimed, rung.

† Love-monger, one who makes love his business.

‡ A kind of fever.

grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything. . And thus I cured him; and in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will."

Page 66, line 449.—*He saw a man lying asleep*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 3. 98), where Oliver is telling the story to Rosalind and Celia:

"*Oliver.* When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd among men!

Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oliver. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Celia. Are you his brother?

Rosalind. Was it you he rescued?

Celia. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'T was I; but 't is not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place,—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*
Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Celia. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede!
Oliver. Look, he recovers.
Rosalind. I would I were at home.
Celia. We 'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man! you lack a man's heart.
Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!
Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you,
Oliver. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Rosalind. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right."

Line 452.—*Discovered a lioness lie crouching.* We do not now omit the *to* of the infinitive after *discover;* but formerly much greater liberty was allowed in this respect. In Shakespeare, for instance, we find the infinitive without *to* after *suffer*, *command*, *intend*, *desire*, *wish*, *vouchsafe*, *were wont*, etc.

Page 69, line 513.—*He returned back to his brother.* What objection may be made to this expression? In line 515 what word could be spared?

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE comedy of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays. It was probably written in 1593 or 1594, just before the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Some of the incidents appear to have been taken from *The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena*, written in Spanish by Jorge de Montemayor, a Portuguese poet and novelist. The tale had been dramatized in English as early as 1584 under the title of *The History of Felix and Philomena*. Shakespeare is also supposed to have borrowed incidents or expressions from the Italian novel of *Apollonius and Sylla*, by Matteo Bandello,* which was translated into English in 1581, and from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586).

Page 74, line 2.—*Proteus.* This was the name of a sea-god, a son of Neptune, who was noted for his power of changing his shape at will. Hence our word *Protean*, which is applied to persons or things that readily assume different forms or characters. Very likely Shakespeare chose the name as peculiarly appropriate to the fickle Proteus. The name may be pronounced as directed in the foot-note on page 74, or, after the Greek fashion, as a dissyllable (Prō'-teus), like *Theseus* (see on page 18, line 14).

Page 75, line 21.—*Cease to persuade me*, etc. Compare the opening lines of the play:

> "*Valentine.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
> Home-keeping youth have ever homely † wits.
> Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
> To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
> I rather would entreat thy company
> To see the wonders of the world abroad
> Than, living dully sluggardiz'd ‡ at home,
> Wear out thy youth with shapeless § idleness.
> But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein,
> Even as I would when I to love begin.
> *Proteus.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
> Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest

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* See introduction to notes on *Much Ado About Nothing*.

† The word is derived from *home*. Compare Milton's *Comus*, 748:

> "It is for homely features to keep home;
> They had their name thence."

‡ Lazy, like a *sluggard*.

§ The word implies that idleness is unfavorable to the *shaping* or forming of manly character.

Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel;
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,* Valentine."

Line 34.—*Valentine began his journey.* In the play he is represented as going *by sea* from Verona to Milan. Shakespeare was careless about geographical details.

Page 76, line 59.—*Go, get you gone,* etc. Compare the play (i. 2. 100):

"*Julia.* Go get you gone, and let the papers lie;
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Lucetta. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Julia. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several† paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.'—Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,‡
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'—
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly§ heal'd;
And thus I search‖ it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;' that I 'll tear away,—
And yet I will not, sith¶ so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names."

Line 64.—*Such-like.* This combination was formerly much used, and it often occurs in Shakespeare; but it is not to be commended now. Why?

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* One who prays in behalf of another; from the Anglo-Saxon *bead*, prayer.

† Separate. ‡ The floor of marble or other stone, as often in Italy.

§ Thoroughly. *Thorough* and *through* are forms of the same word. In Shakespeare we find either as the preposition, and also in derivatives; as *throughfares* or *thoroughfares*, *throughly* or *thoroughly*.

‖ Probe, try to cure. ¶ Since.

Page 77, line 79.—*Sweet love!—Sweet lines!* etc. Compare the play (i. 3. 45):

"*Proteus.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
* * * * * * *
O heavenly Julia!
Antonio. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Proteus. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Antonio. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Proteus. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily gracèd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Antonio. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Proteus. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Antonio. My will is something sorted * with his wish.
Muse † not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court.
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition ‡ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go;
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Proteus. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided; §
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Antonio. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee;
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; ‖ you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.*
Proteus. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage ¶ of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love."

Line 102.—*Some to discover islands far away.* This is from the play, and alludes to voyages of discovery to what was then the "new world" of America.

Page 79, line 153.—*The welcome news,* etc. Compare the play (ii. 4. 48):

"*Duke.* Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health.
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

---

* Somewhat suited or accordant. † Wonder.
‡ Allowance (of money). § Prepared to go, equipped.
‖ Panthino (Pan-thi'-no; *i* as in *machine*) is a servant who is present.
¶ That is, taking advantage.

Valentine. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
Valentine. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Valentine. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Valentine. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting* the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd,† but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word—for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow—
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew‡ me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Valentine. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.—
Silvia, I speak to you,—and you, Sir Thurio.—
For§ Valentine, I need not cite‖ him to it."

Page 79, line 169.—*How does your lady*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 4. 123):

"*Valentine.* How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Proteus. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Valentine. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow.

---

* Neglecting. † Not ripe, youthful.
‡ A mild form of imprecation; literally, "May evil come to me."
§ As for. ‖ Summon, bid.

O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me as* I confess
There is no woe to† his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love."

Page 81, line 221.—*He then told all he had heard*, etc. Compare the play (iii. 1. 38):

"*Proteus.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean‡
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimèd§ at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Proteus. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Valentine. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Valentine. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee‖ of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Valentine. I know it well, my lord, and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming¶ such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish,** sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice,†† hath drawn my love from her;

* That. † Compared to. ‡ Means.
§ Guessed. ‖ See on page 36, line 79 (foot-note).
¶ Becoming, suiting. ** Silly. †† Reflection, consideration.

And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who * will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
Valentine. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady of Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice † and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to ‡ my tutor—
For long agone § I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—
How and which way I may bestow ‖ myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Valentine. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Valentine. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
* * * * * * *
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That ¶ no man hath access by day to her.
Valentine. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
* * * * * * *
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent ** hazard of his life.
Valentine. Why then, a ladder quaintly †† made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So ‡‡ bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, §§
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Valentine. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.
Valentine. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Valentine. It will be light, my lord, that ‖‖ you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

---

* Whoever. † Fastidious. ‡ For. § Ago.
‖ Behave. ¶ So that. ** Evident, certain. †† Ingeniously.
‡‡ If. §§ Rank, good family. ‖‖ So that.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Valentine. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Valentine. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here? '*To Silvia!*'
And here an engine* fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

* * * * * * *

What 's here?
'*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*'
'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.

* * * * * * *

Go, base intruder! overweening† slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Begone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence."

Page 84, line 306.—*She dressed her maiden Lucetta and herself,* etc. In the play Julia goes to Milan alone. It will be seen that in the tale Lucetta does not take any part in what follows.

Page 85, line 359.—*Said she knew Julia,* etc. Compare the play (iv. 4. 115):

"*Julia.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Silvia. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Julia. She thanks you.
Silvia. What say'st thou?
Julia. I thank you, madam, that you tender‡ her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Silvia. Dost thou know her?
Julia. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Silvia. Belike§ she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

---

* The ladder. † Presumptuous. ‡ Feel kindly for. § Very likely.

Julia. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.
Silvia. Is she not passing * fair?
Julia. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask † away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black ‡ as I.
Silvia. How tall was she?
Julia. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants § of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
* * * * * *
Silvia. Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, here is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her."

Page 87, line 398.—*Like Robin Hood.* See note on page 52, line 13.

Page 88, line 425.—*A lawless banditti.* As *banditti* is a plural (see page 87, foot-note), the use of the article here is incorrect. The singular is *banditto*, now obsolete. Shakespeare has it once, as an adjective, in 2 *Henry VI.* iv. 1. 135: "A Roman sworder and banditto slave." The Italian form is *bandito*, being originally the past participle of the verb *bandire*, to proscribe or banish.

Page 89, line 445.—*He expressed such a lively sorrow*, etc. Compare the play (v. 4. 73):

"*Proteus.* My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient reason for offence.
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Valentine. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive ‖ thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd;
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Julia. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

---

* Very. † Ladies used to wear masks to protect their complexion.
‡ Dark, sunburnt. § Dramas, plays. ‖ Believe.

Proteus. Look to the boy.
Valentine. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.
Julia. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Proteus. Where is that ring, boy?
Julia. Here 't is; this is it.
Proteus. How! let me see.—
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Julia. O, cry you mercy,* sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Proteus. But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Julia. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Proteus. How! Julia!"

Valentine's offer to give up Silvia to Proteus is well described as "a sudden flight of heroism" and as an "overstrained and too generous act of friendship" in which he could not long "persevere." As another writer has said, "he is a man of impulse, of warm, quick feelings, full of romance and enthusiasm; he is willing to make a heroic sacrifice to show his suddenly restored faith in his repentant friend;" but we see how he loves Silvia by his subsequent indignation when Thurio claims her. It is only for the moment that he fancies he could resign her to his friend.

Page 90, line 483.—*Silvia is mine,* etc. See the play (v. 4. 121):

"*Enter* Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Valentine. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banishèd Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thurio. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.
Valentine. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thurio. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not;
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,

* I beg your pardon.

And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal * thee home again.
* * * * * *
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE comedy of *The Merchant of Venice* is mentioned in a book printed in 1598, and was probably written a year or two before that time. The main incidents of the plot are found in *Il Pecorone*, a collection of tales by an Italian author, Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan in 1588, though written nearly two hundred years before. We know, however, that there was an English play entitled *The Jew*, which was written before 1579, and which, from a reference to it in a book of the time, appears to have had a plot similar to that of the *Merchant;* and the best critics believe that Shakespeare was indebted to this earlier play rather than to the Italian story-book. As no copy of *The Jew* has come down to our day, the question cannot be positively settled.

Page 92, line 1.—*A usurer.*—The early editions of Lamb have *an*, which was formerly used before the sounds of long *u* and *h*, even in accented syllables; and it is still retained by some before these sounds in unaccented syllables. The tendency of the day, however, is towards the use of *a* in all such cases.

Page 93, line 12.—*The Rialto.* This is the name of one of the islands on which Venice was built; and here in Shakespeare's time was the *Exchange*, the building where the merchants were accustomed to meet for transacting business. The famous *Rialto Bridge* connects this island with St. Mark's Island, which afterwards became the commercial centre of the city. The bridge was begun in 1588 and finished in 1591, and until a few years ago it was the only bridge across the *Grand Canal*, the longest and widest of the many canals in Venice.

Line 16.—*Antonio was the kindest man*, etc. Bassanio thus describes Antonio in the play (iii. 3. 287):

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit

---

* Recall.

In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

Unwearied is here equivalent to *most unwearied*, as in the tale, the force of the superlative in *best* being extended to the second adjective. It was more common in Shakespeare's day to make the second adjective superlative; as in "the generous and gravest citizens" (most generous and gravest), "the soft and sweetest music" (softest), etc. The adverbial ending *-ly* was similarly made to do double service; as in "cheerfully and smooth" (smoothly), "sprightfully and bold," "poor and basely," etc. See page 247, first line.

Than any is equivalent to *than in any*, the preposition used with *whom*, two lines above, being "understood." This kind of ellipsis (omission) was also common when Shakespeare wrote.

Line 33.—*He used to visit her*, etc. Compare the play (i. 1. 161):

"In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia."

Page 94, line 50.—*If I can once catch him*, etc. This metaphor (see on page 39, line 171), which is taken from wrestling, is from the play (i. 3. 43):

"I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!"

Line 54.—*Which he calls interest.* We do not now use *interest* in a bad sense, but in Shakespeare's day it was equivalent to *usury* or *usance*. It was then considered disreputable to take interest at all. Bacon (1561–1626), in his Essay on *Usury*, quotes the assertion that it is "against nature for money to beget money."

Line 59.—*Signior Antonio, on the Rialto*, etc. Compare the play (i. 3. 107):

"*Shylock.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated* me

* Chided.

About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet* upon my Jewish gaberdine,†
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so,
You, that did void your rheum ‡ upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who § if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit ‖
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary; seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated ¶ for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, i' faith; I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

---

* Spit. † A long coarse frock. ‡ Spittle, saliva.

§ The pronoun is left without a verb, the construction being changed in the latter part of the sentence.

‖ A small coin. ¶ Named, stated.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Antonio. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months—that 's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shylock. O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so;* if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—
The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Antonio. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day."

Page 96, line 115.—*That Portia of whom we read,* etc. This Portia is one of the characters in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar.* Her husband was a leader in the conspiracy against the life of Cæsar.

Line 124.—*His high birth and noble ancestry was,* etc. The singular verb may be justified on the ground that *birth* and *ancestry* are substantially one and the same. If the subjects were really different (*birth* and *education,* for example), the verb should be plural.

Line 128.—*She would wish herself a thousand times more fair,* etc. Compare the play (iii. 2. 149):

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings,† friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,‡

* Be it so. † Property. ‡ To state in full; to make the most of it.

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring."

Page 98, line 170.—*O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words,* etc. This is from the play almost word for word; and so are the letter of Antonio and the speech of Portia that follows it.

Page 99, line 219.—*A relation.* The word *relative* is now generally preferred to *relation.* Shakespeare uses neither in this sense.

Line 232.—*In the senate-house.* That is, in the Ducal Palace, which is still one of the most beautiful and imposing buildings in Venice. It was begun in 1301, but suffered seriously from fires in 1419, 1479, and 1574, and the present edifice is made up of portions of the original one, with the restorations and additions made in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Page 100, line 238.—*Balthazar.* Shakespeare puts the accent on the first syllable whenever he uses the name in verse (it occurs in several plays); but it should properly be on the second syllable.

Page 101, line 254.—*The noble quality of mercy,* etc. This is one of the most beautiful passages in the play (iv. 1. 182):

"*Portia.* Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;*
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show† likest God's
When mercy seasons‡ justice. Therefore, Jew,

* That is, the very nature of mercy excludes the idea of compulsion.
† Appear. ‡ Tempers.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Line 276.—*A Daniel is come to judgment*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 1. 223):

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
* * * * * *
O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder* art thou than thy looks!"

Page 102, line 295.—*Give me your hand, Bassanio*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 1. 265):

"Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair† in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart."

Line 299.—*Antonio, I am married to a wife*, etc. This speech is almost exactly in the words of the play; and the same may be said of the speeches in the next two paragraphs.

Page 103, line 339.—*Tarry a little*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 1. 305):

"*Portia.* Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

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* Double comparatives and superlatives were allowable in Shakespeare's time. Compare *King Lear*, i. 1. 219: "Most best, most dearest," etc. See also *Acts*, xxvi. 5.

† Speak well of me.

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate *
Unto the state of Venice.
Gratiano. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!
Skylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gratiano. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!
Skylock. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bassanio. Here is the money.
Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
* * * * * * *
Portia. The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party † 'gainst the which he doth contrive ‡
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke."

Page 104, line 362.—*Nor do not cut.* As already stated (page 198, foot-note), Shakespeare used double negatives, but this particular instance is not from the play. It seems to be an unconscious imitation of the old style with which the writer was so familiar.

Line 367.—*Give me my money and let me go.* It may seem strange that Shylock should ask for his money a second time when Portia has told him (line 360) that he shall not have it. In the play (from which Miss Lamb appears to have inadvertently varied here), Shylock at first says, "I take this offer then; *pay the bond thrice;*" but afterwards, when Portia asks, "Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture," he replies, "Give me my *principal*, and let me go." Bassanio says, "I have it ready for thee; here it is"; but Portia interferes again, declaring that the Jew "shall have nothing but the forfeiture."

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* Confiscated, forfeited. † Person. ‡ Plot.

Page 106, line 415.—*Give me your gloves*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 1. 435):

"*Portia.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.—
[*To Antonio*] Give me your gloves,* I 'll wear them for your sake;—
[*To Bassanio*] And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bassanio. This ring, good sir,—alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bassanio. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Portia. That 'scuse † serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*
Antonio. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.‡
Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.—[*Exit Gratiano.*"

Page 107, line 440.—*Among these ladies.* As there are but two ladies, *between* would be the proper preposition. It is a common mistake nowadays to use *between* in referring to more than two objects or classes of objects instead of *among*.

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* It will be seen that the tale makes Portia take Bassanio's gloves instead of Antonio's. The stage-directions ("*To Antonio*" and "*To Bassanio*") are not in the editions of the play published before Miss Lamb wrote, but recent editors are doubtless right in assuming that, as Antonio joins in the entreaty that Portia will accept a token of their gratitude, she takes something from him as well as from Bassanio This, moreover, prepares the way for asking for the ring. Antonio readily gives the gloves, and then Portia turns to Bassanio, saying, "And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from *you*;" and the emphasis on *you* is favored by its metrical position. It must be admitted, however, that Miss Lamb, taking the text as she understands it, explains it very ingeniously.

† Excuse. ‡ Four syllables.

Line 451.—*That light we see*, etc. This speech is in the very words of the play (v. 1. 89), where it forms three lines of verse.

Line 465.—*Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring*, etc. In the play it is called a "paltry" ring, not because it was merely "gilt," as it is called here, but because Gratiano thinks it is not worth making such a fuss about. He says:

> "About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
> That she did give me, whose poesy was
> For all the world like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'"

The *poesy* or *posy* (for the two words are the same) was a motto or rhyme inscribed on the inside. Such inscriptions were also sometimes put upon knives and other articles used as presents. In 1624 a little book was published with the title, *Love's Garland, or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves; and such pretty tokens that lovers send their loves.* The Rev. Giles Moore, in his Journal, 1673–4, writes, "I bought for Ann Brett a gold ring, this being the posy: *When this you see, remember me.*"

Page 108, line 473.—*By this hand*, etc. Compare the play (v. 1. 161):

> "*Gratiano.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
> A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
> No higher * than thyself, the judge's clerk,
> A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
> I could not for my heart deny it him.
> *Portia.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
> To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
> A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
> And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
> I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
> Never to part with it; and here he stands:
> I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
> Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
> That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
> You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
> An 't † were to me, I should be mad at it.
> *Bassanio.* [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
> And swear I lost the ring defending it.
> *Gratiano.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
> Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
> Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
> That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
> And neither man nor master would take aught
> But the two rings.
> *Portia.* What ring gave you, my lord?
> Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

---

* Taller. † If it.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
* * * * * * *
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
* * * * * * *
Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
* * * * * * *
Bassanio. Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried;* I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.†
Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Antonio. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!"

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKESPEARE'S play with this name was performed in London on the 28th of December, 1594, and may have been written several years earlier. It is certainly one of the first plays he wrote. The story was suggested by a Latin comedy, the *Menæchmi* of Plautus.

Page 111, line 19.—*He then began his own history*, etc. This is the story as told in the opening scene of the play:

"*Ægeon.* In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,

* Perished. † Intentionally.

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself . . .
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was deliverèd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance * of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings † of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, ‡ to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,

* Sign, indication. † Complainings, wailings.
‡ Ripe for sinking, ready to sink.

Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And, by the benefit of his wishèd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discoverèd
Two ships from far making amain * to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this;
But ere they came—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that † went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce ‡ of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdenèd
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap § to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrack'd guests,
And would have reft ‖ the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate ¶ at full
What hath befallen of ** them and thee till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd †† me
That his attendant—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or ‡‡ that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;

---

* Swiftly. † That which, what. ‡ Separation. § Luck, fortune.
‖ Deprived. ¶ Relate. ** Been the fate of.
†† Accented on the second syllable here. ‡‡ Either.

And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they,* may not disannul, †
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged ‡ to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recall'd
But § to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die."

Line 23.—*Epidamnium.* Shakespeare's word (see extract in preceding note) is *Epidamnum;* but the correct form is *Epidamnus.* The name was afterwards changed to *Dyrrhachium* (Dir-rā'-kĭ-ŭm), now *Durazzo.* The town is on the Adriatic in Albania.

Page 112, line 52.—*My youngest son.* Some grammarians tell us that the superlative is improper when only two objects are concerned; but see note on page 57, line 184. Compare lines 58 and 59, 82 and 83, etc. Miss Lamb follows Shakespeare, who uses either the comparative or the superlative. Compare "latter-born" on page 231 and "youngest son" on page 232.

Page 114, line 131.—*Was well able to have paid.* It would be more in accordance with good usage now to write *well able to pay;* but in Shakespeare, as in earlier writers, the construction in the text is commonly found. Compare *Hamlet,* v. 1. 268: "I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife" (I hoped you would be); *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 261: "She would have made Hercules to have turned spit" (would have made him turn the spit), etc. So Milton, *Paradise Lost,* i. 40: "He trusted to have equall'd the Most High," etc. We still retain this idiom in the expression "He *ought* (that is, *was bound*) to have done it," etc.

Page 116, line 169.—*I am like a drop of water,* etc. For the figurative language, see on page 39, line 171. It is taken from the play (i. 2. 37).

Page 117, line 176.—*Asked him where he had left the money.* Compare the play (i. 2. 54):

"*Antipholus of S.* Where have you left the money that I gave you?

* If they wished.
† Annul. So *dissever* means the same as *sever.*
‡ Condemned.
§ Except.

Dromio of E. O!—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Antipholus of S. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dromio of E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Antipholus of S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dromio of E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Antipholus of S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dromio of E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix,* sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
Antipholus of S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce † of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dromio of E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Antipholus of S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dromio of E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
Antipholus of S. What, wilt thou flout ‡ me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dromio of E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*"

When Dromio returns to his mistress, the following dialogue takes place (ii. 1. 44):

"*Adriana.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dromio of E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

* Private houses, like inns, sometimes had names. † Head. ‡ Mock.

Adriana. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dromio of E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luciana. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dromio of E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adriana. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

* * * * * * *

Dromio of E. When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'T is dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luciana. Quoth who?

Dromio of E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adriana. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dromio of E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger."

Page 118, line 223.—*How comes it now, my husband,* etc. Compare the play (ii. 2. 121):

"*Adriana.* How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it
That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself?

* * * * * * *

Antipholus of S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luciana. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Antipholus of S. By Dromio?

Dromio of S. By me?

Adriana. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Antipholus of S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?*
Dromio of S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Antipholus of S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dromio of S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Antipholus of S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

* * * * * * *

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luciana. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner."

Page 119, line 261.—*He was met by a goldsmith,* etc. Compare the play (iii. 2. 170):

"*Enter* ANGELO *with the chain.*

Angelo. Master Antipholus,—
Antipholus of S. Ay, that 's my name.
Angelo. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;†
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Antipholus of S. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Angelo. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.
Antipholus of S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke‡ it not.
Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal;§
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Antipholus of S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Angelo. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
Antipholus of S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away."

---

* Conspiracy; accented on the second syllable.

† That is, *Porcupine;* the only name for the animal in Shakespeare. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 5. 20: "Like quills upon the fretful porpentine" (changed in most modern editions to "porcupine"). Here it is the name of a house, like *Phœnix* in the passage quoted in note on page 117, line 176.

‡ Ordered.

§ With it.

Page 121, line 307.—*Who was still in amaze,* etc. Compare what he says in the play (iv. 3. 1):

> "There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
> As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
> And every one doth call me by my name.
> Some tender money to me, some invite me;
> Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
> Some offer me commodities to buy.
> Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
> And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
> And therewithal took measure of my body.
> Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
> And Lapland * sorcerers inhabit here."

Line 326.—*This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted.* This is from the same scene of the play:

> "The fellow is distract,† and so am I;
> And here we wander in illusions.
> Some blessed power deliver us from hence!"

Page 123, line 371.—*She began to think he was certainly out of his senses,* etc. In the play (iv. 3. 82) she says:

> "Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
> Else would he never so demean ‡ himself.
> A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
> And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
> Both one and other he denies me now.
> The reason that I gather he is mad,
> Besides this present instance of his rage,
> Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner
> Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
> Belike § his wife, acquainted with his fits,
> On purpose shut the doors against his way.
> My way is now to hie home to his house,
> And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
> He rush'd into my house and took perforce ‖
> My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
> For forty ducats is too much to lose."

Page 124, line 421.—*And now came out the lady abbess,* etc. Compare the play (v. 1. 38):

> "*Abbess.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
> *Adriana.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
> Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
> And bear him home for his recovery.

---

* Lapland, a region little known in Shakespeare's day, was supposed to abound in sorcerers and witches. Milton refers to "Lapland witches" in *Paradise Lost,* ii. 665.

† A contraction of *distracted.* ‡ Behave. § Very likely. ‖ By force.

Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd * his affection in unlawful love,
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adriana. Why, so I did.
Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abbess. Haply, in private.
Adriana. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. Ay, but not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy † of our conference:
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced ‡ it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abbess. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures § and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luciana. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd ‖ himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

---

* Caused to stray, led astray. † Subject, theme. ‡ Hinted.
§ Disorders, diseases. ‖ Behaved.

Adriana. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adriana. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abbess. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,*
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying † it.
Adriana. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abbess. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd the approvèd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal ‡ man again."

Page 127, line 501.—*Ægeon, seeing his son,* etc. See the play (v. 1. 282):

"*Ægeon.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
Dromio of E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.
Ægeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dromio of E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Antipholus of E. I never saw you in my life till now.
Ægeon. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformèd § hand
Have written strange defeatures ‖ in my face!
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Antipholus of E. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
Dromio of E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.
Dromio of E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Ægeon. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

---

* That is, a place of refuge in which a criminal was safe from arrest. Certain churches, convents, and similar buildings were thus privileged in former times. To *take sanctuary* was the usual expression for taking refuge in them.

† Attempting. ‡ Sane. § Deforming. ‖ Disfigurement.

Though now this grainèd * head of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
And all the conduits † of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Antipholus of E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Antipholus of E. The duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Abbess. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adriana. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius ‡ to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dromio of S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dromio of E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Antipholus of S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dromio of S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abbess. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons,—
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abbess. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to § this fortune that you see me in.

---

* Furrowed, like the *grain* of wood.

† Pipes, arteries and veins.

‡ An attendant spirit.

§ That is, *came* to.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,*—
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—
These are the parents to these children, †
Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?
Antipholus of S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Antipholus of E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dromio of E. And I with him.
Antipholus of E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renownèd uncle.
Adriana. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Antipholus of S. I, gentle mistress.
Adriana. And are not you my husband?
Antipholus of E. No; I say nay to that.
Antipholus of S. And so do I; yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—[*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Angelo. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Antipholus of S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Antipholus of E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Angelo. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adriana. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dromio of E. No, none by me.
Antipholus of S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him and he for me,
And thereupon these errors all arose.
Antipholus of E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SHAKESPEARE'S comedy of *Twelfth Night* was acted in London on the 2d of February, 1602, when it was probably a new play. The best critics believe that it was written in 1601.

The leading incidents of the story appear to have been taken from *The Historie of Apolonius and Silla*, by Barnaby Riche (or Rich), a

* Pronounced as a trisyllable (sem-ble-ance). † Also a trisyllable (chil-der-en).

contemporary of Shakespeare. He was probably indebted to a novel by Bandello (see page 197), or to one of several Italian plays of somewhat similar plot.

Page 180, line 1.—*Viola.* As an English name it would be pronounced with the *i* as in *violet*, but the Italian pronunciation (with *i* as in *machine*) is generally adopted on the stage.

Line 2.—*Messaline.* The place is unknown in geography.

Page 181, line 25.—*Ay, very well, madam,* etc. Compare the play (i. 2. 21):

"*Viola.* Know'st thou this country?
Captain. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Viola. Who governs here?
Captain. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Viola. What is his name?
Captain. Orsino.
Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor then.
Captain. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Viola. What 's* she?
Captain. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.
Viola. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd † to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, ‡
What my estate is!
Captain. That were hard to compass; §
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Viola. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that ‖ nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee,—and I 'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke."

---

* Who is; a common use of *what* in Shakespeare. † Made known.
‡ Ripe, favorable. § Bring about. ‖ *That* would now be superfluous.

Page 183, line 105.—*But Orsino would not admit of this reasoning.* Compare the play (ii. 4. 90):

> "*Viola.* But if she cannot love you, sir?
> *Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.
> *Viola.* Sooth,* but you must
> Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
> Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
> As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
> You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
> *Duke.* There is no woman's sides
> Can bide † the beating of so strong a passion
> As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
> So big to hold so much. . . . Make no compare
> Between that love a woman can bear me
> And that I owe Olivia.
> *Viola.* Ay, but I know—
> *Duke.* What dost thou know?
> *Viola.* Too well what love women to men may owe;
> In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
> My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
> As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
> I should your lordship.
> *Duke.* And what's her history?
> *Viola.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,
> And with a green and yellow melancholy
> She sat like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
> We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
> Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
> Much in our vows, but little in our love.
> *Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
> *Viola.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,
> And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not."

Page 184, line 123.—*She pined in thought.* That is, with anxiety. *Thought* used to mean "anxiety, melancholy;" and to *think*, or *take thought*, "to be anxious, despondent." Compare Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 1:

> "*Cleopatra.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?
> *Enobarbus.* Think, and die:"

that is, give way to despair, and die. See also 1 *Samuel*, ix. 5, and *Matthew*, vi. 25.

Line 131.—*So please you, my lord*, etc. This is taken from the play with very little change; and so is all the dialogue that follows (lines 138–237).

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* Truly, in truth. See note on page 25, line 240. † Bear, endure.

Line 134.—*The element.* For this use of element (copied from the play), compare 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 3. 58: "o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element;" that is, the stars in the sky. See also Milton, *Comus*, 298: "gay creatures of the element" (spirits of the air).

Page 138, line 261.—*Ill success.* The word *success* originally meant "that which succeeds, follows, or results," whether good or bad, and so we often find it qualified by *good*, *ill*, etc. Compare *Richard III.* iv. 4. 236: "dangerous success;" *Othello*, iii. 3. 222: "vile success," etc. See also *Joshua*, i. 8.

Page 139, line 271.—*Spinsters.* The word is here used in its original sense. The suffix *-ster* was originally feminine. Thus *songster* used to mean a female singer, but now it is regarded as masculine, and a new feminine ending is added in *songstress*. So *webster* (now used only as a proper name) meant a female weaver, *baxter* (formerly *bakester*) a female baker, *brewster* a female brewer, etc. *Spinster* is the only one of these old feminines that retains its proper gender.

Page 140, line 277.—*Cypress.* It is doubtful whether this means a coffin of cypress wood, or a shroud of *cypress*, or *cyprus* (the modern *crape* *), which was sometimes white, as line 280 makes it if the word has this sense here. *Cypress* occurs again in the play, in iii. 1. 132, where Olivia says to Sebastian:

> "To one of your receiving †
> Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
> Hideth my heart;"

that is, you can see what is in my heart as if it were covered only with thin crape. There is no doubt as to the meaning in this passage.

Page 141, line 317.—*Music from the spheres.* According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy the heavenly bodies were fixed in hollow spheres of crystal which revolved, carrying these bodies round with them, and making musical sounds as they moved. There are many allusions in the poets to this "music of the spheres."

Line 321.—*O, what a deal of scorn*, etc. Compare the play (iii. 1. 157):

> "*Olivia.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
> In the contempt and anger of his lip!
> A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
> Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.—

---

* It is not probable, however, that *crape* is derived from *cypress*.

† Understanding.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre* all thy pride,
Nor† wit nor reason can my passion hide.

* * * * * *

Viola By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Olivia. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love."

Page 142, line 345.—*If this young gentleman,* etc. Here, and in the remainder of the paragraph, the dialogue follows the play quite closely.

Page 144, line 428.—*Yet he wondered how it had come to pass,* etc. See the play (iv. 3. 1):

"*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:‡
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, § all discourse, ‖
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle ¶ with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs** and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There 's something in 't
That is deceivable.††—But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Priest.

Olivia. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry‡‡ by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,

---

* In spite of. † Neither. ‡ The inn mentioned in line 397.
§ Example, precedent. ‖ Reasoning. ¶ Quarrel.
** Conduct business. †† Deceptive. ‡‡ Chapel.

Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles* you are willing it shall come to note,†
What time‡ we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?
Sebastian. I 'll follow this good man and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Olivia. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!"

The ceremony here is not marriage, but the formal betrothal which was common in the time of Shakespeare. Olivia wishes it to be kept secret until the *celebration*, or wedding. In the tale the latter is substituted for the former.

Page 145, line 454.—*Here comes the countess*, etc. Compare the play (v. 1. 100):

"*Duke.* Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.
Olivia. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Viola. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Olivia. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—
Viola. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Olivia. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome § to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Olivia. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate‖ and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Olivia. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?
* * * * * * *
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

---

* Until. † Become known. ‡ At which time.
§ Dull and distasteful. ‖ Ungrateful.

Viola. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do* you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Olivia. Where goes Cesario?
Viola. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.—
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Olivia. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong.
Olivia. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Olivia. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband,† stay.
Duke. Husband!
Olivia. Ay, husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Viola. No, my lord, not I.
Olivia. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety! ‡
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, § by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub; what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? ‖
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

* * * * * *

---

* Bring, give. For the adverbs in preceding line, see on p. 93, line 6.

† She calls him *husband*, because the ceremony of betrothal was regarded as equivalent to marriage, being binding upon both parties unless dissolved by mutual consent.

‡ Disown what thou really art. § Office. ‖ Gray hairs on thy skin.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit* and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective,† that is and is not!

Sebastian. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee!

Antonio. Sebastian are you?

Sebastian. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Antonio. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Olivia. Most wonderful!

Sebastian. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere.‡ I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity,§ what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

* * * * * *

Viola. If nothing lets‖ to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump¶
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds;** by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

* * * * * *

Duke. If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

---

* Wisdom.

† A device for deceiving the sight. The word is here accented on the first syllable.

‡ That is, I have not the divine power of being in many places at once.

§ In the name of charity. ‖ Hinders. ¶ Agree. ** Garments.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent* the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
* * * * * * *
Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's† queen."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* is not wholly Shakespeare's, being an adaptation of an earlier play, *The Taming of a Shrew*, published anonymously in 1594. Shakespeare's work upon it was probably done about the year 1598. The story was partly taken from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533).

Page 150, line 14.—*Petruchio.* For the pronunciation of the name, see on page 42, line 246.

Line 18.—*Termagant.* This was orginally the name of an imaginary god of the Saracens, often introduced into the old "mysteries," or religious plays, which were popular in England in the time of Shakespeare, as they had been for several centuries before. *Termagant* was represented as a most violent character, and so the name got to be applied figuratively to a turbulent brawling person, male or female, until finally it became limited to the latter sex.

Line 20.—*Herculean labor.* According to the old Greek myth or legend, the mighty hero Hercules became subject to Eurystheus (Eu-rys'-theus), a king who compelled him to undertake twelve great "labors," of enormous difficulty and danger. Hence the expression "herculean labor" came to be used for any very arduous or perilous exploit. In the present passage it is a playful exaggeration of the task which Petruchio attempts.

Line 33.—*A-courting.* That is, *to* courting. The *a-* is not the definite article, but an old English prefix used in a manner which is now obsolete, at least in dignified discourse. We still, however, talk of "going a-fishing," etc. In such cases, *courting*, *fishing*, etc., are verbal nouns, not participles. Compare *Luke*, viii. 42, *John*, xxi. 3, etc.

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* The sun. † Love's.

Page 151, line 45.—*It is a brave wench.* She is a fine girl, or young woman. The neuter pronoun is from Shakespeare, who uses it either to indicate affectionate familiarity, as here, or to express dislike or contempt. For an example of the latter use, see *Tempest*, i. 2. 39, where Miranda says of Caliban:

> "'T is a villain, sir,
> I do not love to look on."

For *brave*, see on page 5, line 128. *Wench* originally had no bad sense, though in Shakespeare's time it was beginning to be used contemptuously.

Line 48.—*My business is in haste*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 1. 113):

> "*Petruchio.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh * haste,
> And every day I cannot come to woo.
> You knew my father well, and in him me,
> Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
> Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd.
> Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
> What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
> *Baptista.* After my death the one half of my lands,
> And in possession twenty thousand crowns."

Line 63.—*I will woo her with some spirit*, etc. See the play (ii. 1. 177):

> "I will attend her here,
> And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
> Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
> She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
> Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
> As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
> Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
> Then I 'll commend her volubility,
> And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
> If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
> As though she bid me stay by her a week.
> If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
> When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
> But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.—
>
> *Enter* KATHERINA.
>
> Good morrow, Kate: for that 's your name, I hear.
> *Katherina.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
> They call me Katherine that do talk of me.
> *Petruchio.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
> And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst; †

* Requires.

† Originally the same word as *cursed*, but familiarly used in the sense of shrewish, waspish, snarling, etc. It was sometimes applied to men; as in Beaumont and

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,*
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife."

Later in the scene Petruchio says:

"And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed † on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate ‡ to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife."

Page 152, line 99.—*Give me your hand, Kate,* etc. This is almost word for word from the play.

Page 155, line 152.—*The poor jaded beast, who,* etc. Modern British writers not unfrequently use *who* with reference to the lower animals, but in this country the rule laid down in the grammars is almost invariably followed. Richard Grant White, however, has "a dog who" in one of his articles in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Line 160.—*The tables were spread,* etc. Compare the play (iv. 1. 161):

"*Petruchio.* Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What 's this? mutton?
First Servant. Ay.
Petruchio. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Petruchio. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

Fletcher's play of *Philaster,* ii. 3: "Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?" Also to animals; as to bears in *The Winter's Tale,* iii. 3. 134: "they are never curst but when they are hungry;" that is, never fierce.

* Punning upon the noun *cate,* a dainty.

† Agreed.

‡ Perhaps punning upon *cat.*

And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads * and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Katherina. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Petruchio. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we 'll fast for company."

Line 178.—*Katherine was fain to beg the servants*, etc. This refers to an amusing part of the play (iv. 3. 1) where Katherine and the servant Grumio enter talking:

"*Grumio.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Katherina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed;
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who † should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?
Katherina. 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.
Grumio, I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Katherina. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Katherina. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Katherina. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Grumio. Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Katherina. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

---

* Blockheads. † Like one who; as if he.

Grumio. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Katherina. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat!
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say."

Page 156, line 202.—*The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat.* This is the reading of the best editions of Lamb, so far as we are aware, but good English requires "so shall mine *be*." Why?

Page 157, line 216.—*Haberdasher.* The word is now used in England for a dealer in small wares, like ribbons, trimmings, thread, pins, needles, etc.; but in Shakespeare's day it meant a dealer in hats and caps. George Gascoigne (1530–1577), in his *Fruits of War*, says: "The haberdasher heapeth wealth by hattes."

Line 217.—*Here is the cap*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 3. 63):

"*Haberdasher.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack,* a toy, a trick,† a baby's cap.
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Katherina. I 'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Katherina. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Petruchio. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,‡ a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Katherina. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap:
And it I will have, or I will have none. [*Exit Haberdasher.*
Petruchio. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,

* Knick-knack. † Trifle. ‡ The paste or pie-crust holding the custard.

Like to a censer * in a barber's shop.
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Petruchio. Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I 'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.
Katherina. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Petruchio. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Petruchio. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Brav'd † in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity,‡ thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete § thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!"

Page 159, line 279.—*He affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday.* See the play (iv. 5. 2):

"*Petruchio*. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Katherina. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.
Petruchio. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Katherina. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Petruchio. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Katherina. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Petruchio. I say it is the moon.
Katherina. I know it is the moon.
Petruchio. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Katherina. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.

---

* These *censers* (vessels containing hot coals on which cheap perfumes were sprinkled) had pierced convex covers and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm and dry his cloths on.

† Bullied, defied.

‡ Sometimes used in the sense of a very small quantity. § Measure.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

* * * * * * *

Petruchio. But, soft! What company is coming here?—

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress; where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Katherina. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Petruchio. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd.
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Katherina. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking."

Page 160, line 334.—*He had got.* All the best authorities give the past participle of *get* as *got*, *gotten*,* making *got* the preferable form; and it is the form used by the best writers now, as it has been for several centuries. Wright, in his *Bible Word-Book* (2d ed. p. 293) calls *gotten* (which occurs in *Genesis*, iv. 1, xii. 5, etc.) "the old form of the past participle," and adds that it is "now used only in the compound *ill-gotten*;" but at the present time there is a tendency (in our opinion, not to be commended) to substitute it for *got*.

Page 161, line 349.—*Now, in good sadness,*† etc. See the play (v. 2. 63):

"*Baptista.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petruchio. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

---

* On the other hand, they give *forgotten*, *forgot*, and the former is generally preferred by good writers.

† In Shakespeare's time *sadness* often meant seriousness, as *sad* meant serious. It will be seen that the word here is taken from the play.

Hortensio. Content. What is the wager?
Lucentio. Twenty crowns.
Petruchio. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Lucentio. A hundred then.
Hortensio. Content.
Petruchio. A match! 't is done.
Hortensio. Who shall begin?
Lucentio. That will I.—
Go, Biondello,* bid your mistress come to me.
Biondello. I go. [*Exit.*
Baptista. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Lucentio. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Biondello. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.
Petruchio. How! she is busy and she cannot come?
Is that an answer?
Gremio. Ay, and a kind one too;
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse!
Petruchio. I hope, better.
Hortensio. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Petruchio. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hortensio. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife?
Biondello. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Petruchio. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hortensio. I know her answer.
Petruchio. What?
Hortensio. She will not.
Petruchio. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Baptista. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Katherina. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Petruchio. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Katherina. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

---

* Bi-on-del'-lo (*i* as in *machine*).

Petruchio. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katherina.*
Lucentio. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hortensio. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
Petruchio. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Baptista. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Petruchio. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Re-enter KATHERINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
Widow. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bianca. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Lucentio. I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bianca. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Petruchio. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Widow. Come, come, you 're mocking; we will have no telling.
Petruchio. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Widow. She shall not.
Petruchio. I say she shall;—and first begin with her.
Katherina. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt."

Page 162, line 385.—*By my holidame.* This expression is probably equivalent to "by my halidom;" that is, by my holiness or sanctity, upon my sacred oath. Some take it to be "by my holy dame," or the Virgin Mary.

Line 394.—*Marry, peace it bodes*, etc. *Marry* was originally *Mary*, and a mode of swearing by the Virgin; but its origin was probably forgotten in Shakespeare's time.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

The Winter's Tale is one of the very latest of Shakespeare's plays, having probably been written in 1610. It was founded upon a novel by Robert Greene, first published in 1588 under the title of *Pandosto*, which was afterwards changed to *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.*

Page 165, line 21.—*Their school-days.* Polixenes says in the play (i. 2. 62):

"We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal;"

and in the next speech:

"We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we chang'd*
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine† of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did."

Page 166, line 55.—*Mamillius.* In the tale as published by Lamb, the name is "Mamillus," but Shakespeare's form is *Mamillius.*

Line 56.—*Beginning to tell one of his best stories*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 1. 22):

"*Hermione.* Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

---

* What we exchanged; our intercourse. † Teaching, instruction.

Mamillius. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Hermione. As merry as you will.
Mamillius. A sad tale 's best for winter; I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Hermione. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.
Mamillius. There was a man—
Hermione. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mamillius. Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it."

Before he can go on with the story his father enters, and it is never finished.

Line 67.—*Delphos.* There was a great temple of Apollo on the island of *Delos*, in the Ægean Sea; and another at *Delphi* (or *Delphos*), a small town on the southern slope of Mount Parnassus in Greece. At the latter place was the famous oracle which is doubtless referred to here. Shakespeare took the name from Greene, who calls *Delphos* an island, perhaps confounding Delphi and Delos.

In the centre of the temple at Delphi there was a small opening in the ground, from which at times an intoxicating vapor arose. Over this opening stood a tripod,* on which the priestess of Apollo, who was called Pythia, seated herself when the oracle was to be consulted. The words she uttered after inhaling the vapor were believed to be the prophecies of the god, and were interpreted by the priests.

Page 167, line 80.—*I pray you, Emilia,* etc. In the play (ii. 2. 35), Paulina says:

"Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st.† We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails."

Page 168, line 134.—*The king would give no credit to the words of the oracle,* etc. In the play (iii. 2. 137), after the oracle has been read, this dialogue follows:

"*Leontes.* Hast thou read truth?
Officer. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leontes. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

* A three-legged stool or seat.

† That is, most boldly.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lord the king, the king!
Leontes. What is the business?
Servant. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit * and fear
Of the queen's speed,† is gone.
Leontes. How! gone!
Servant. Is dead!
Leontes. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—[*Hermione swoons.*] How now there!
Paulina. This news is mortal ‡ to the queen; look down
And see what death is doing."

Page 169, line 162.—*The coast of Bohemia.* Bohemia has no sea-coast. Some critics say that it had one or two seaports in Shakespeare's day; but he represents the *capital*, Prague, as being on or near the sea. He copied the mistake from Greene's novel.

Page 170, line 174.—*Perdita.* The name is Latin, and means *lost*, or *the lost one.*

Page 171, line 231.—*This is the prettiest low-born lass*, etc. Compare the play (iv. 4. 156):

"This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place."

Camillo replies:

"Good sooth,§ she is
The queen of curds and cream;"

that is, she is queenly, though a mere dairy-maid.

Page 172, line 236.—*Pray, my good friend*, etc. This is also from the play (iv. 4. 166):

"*Polixenes.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which ‖ dances with your daughter?
Shepherd. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:¶ but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read

* Conception, thought. † Fortune, fate. ‡ Fatal.

§ In good truth. *In sooth* and *to say sooth* (to tell the truth), or *sooth to say*, were common expressions in former times. Compare foot-note on p. 196.

‖ *Which* was formerly often applied to persons; as in "Our Father which art in heaven."

¶ That is, he boasts that he has a good sheep-farm.

As 't were my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another* best."

Page 173, line 246.—*How now, young man,* etc. Compare the play (iv. 4. 355):

"*Polixenes.* How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed† love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks.‡ I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted§ with him.

* * * * * *

Florizel. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd!

* * * * * *

Mark our contract.
Polixenes [*Discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce, young sir!
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd, thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects‖ a sheep-hook!"¶

The *contract* referred to here is the formal betrothal described in the note on page 144, line 428.

Page 174, line 274.—*Though we are all undone,* etc. This is almost exactly from the play (iv. 4. 452):

"Even here undone!
I was not much afeard;** for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care; this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep."

---

* "Which loves the other," as in the tale.
† Was hand in hand with; gave myself up to.
‡ Knick-knacks. § Marketed, traded. ‖ Lovest.
¶ A shepherd's crook; the mark or sign of a shepherdess put for the shepherdess herself.
** Often used for *afraid* by Shakespeare and other writers of the time.

Page 175, line 331.—*He showed the rich mantle*, etc. Compare the play (v. 2. 36): "That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs: the mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character" (that is, handwriting), etc. *Jewel* formerly meant any personal ornament of gold or precious stones.

Page 176, line 337.—*But, O, the noble struggles of Paulina*, etc. This also is imitated from the play (v. 2. 79): "But, O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled," etc.

Line 343.—*Made him that he could say nothing.* The construction is old-fashioned and seems awkward now. We should rather say "made him unable to say anything," or "affected him so that he could say nothing." The verb *make* was formerly used in many constructions that are now obsolete. Compare, for instance, page 159, line 282: "He then made as if he were going back;" that is, pretended that he was going back.

Line 347.—*Julio Romano.* He was born at Rome in 1492 and died in 1546, and was a favorite pupil of Raphael. He was an architect as well as a painter.

Line 359.—*I like your silence*, etc. Compare the play (v. 3. 21):

> "*Paulina.* I like your silence, it the more shows off
> Your wonder: but yet speak; first you, my liege.
> Comes it not something near?
> *Leontes.* Her natural posture!—
> Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
> Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
> So aged as this seems.
> *Polixenes.* O, not by much!
> *Paulina.* So much the more our carver's excellence,
> Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
> As* she liv'd now.
> * * * * * * *
> No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
> May think anon it moves.
> *Leontes.* Let be, let be!
> Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
> What† was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
> Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
> Did verily bear blood?

* As it. † Who. Compare page 242, foot-note.

Polixenes. Masterly done;
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

* * * * * * *

Paulina. I 'll draw the curtain;
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leontes. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paulina. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you, but
I could afflict you farther.
Leontes. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath. Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paulina. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leontes. No, not these twenty years.
Perdita. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paulina. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leontes. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paulina. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leontes. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paulina. Music, awake her; strike!
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel."

Page 178, line 428.—*King Polixenes himself now entered the palace.* In the play, as the above extract from it shows, Polixenes arrives *before* the final scene at Paulina's house. He comes almost immediately after the arrival of Florizel and Perdita, and before the parentage of the latter has been discovered.

CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH, WITH SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

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